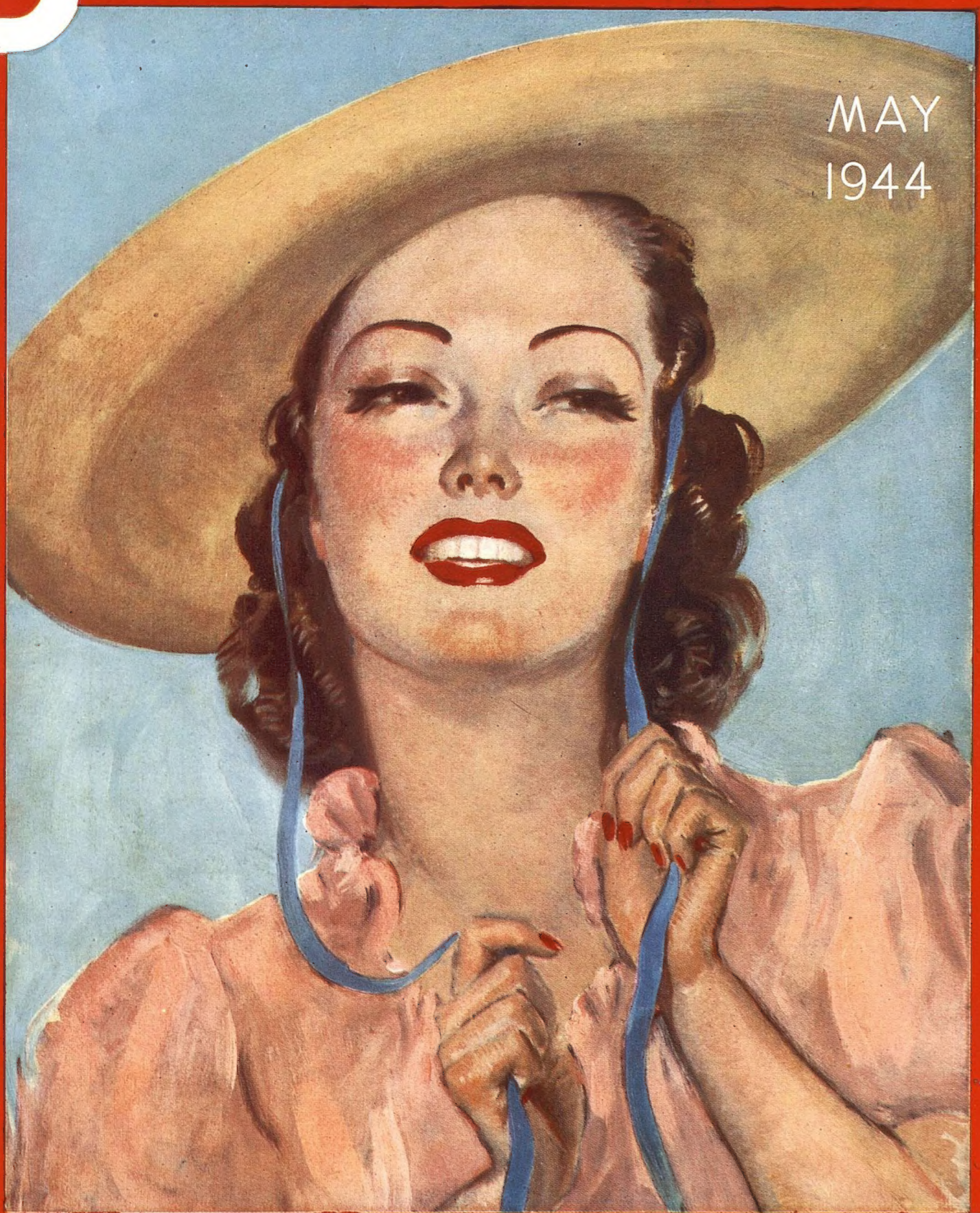
BRITANNIA and EVE



MAY
1944

NEGLEY FARSON
FRANK KING
DAY RUSSELL
JANE GORDON
F. MATANIA, R.I.

1/3

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 28, No. 5 MAY, 1944

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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your lips!

Embarkation leave

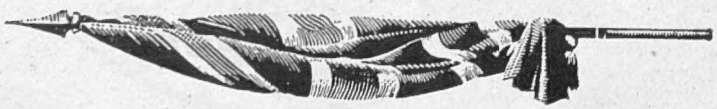
Sheila carries daddy's gas-mask,
Peter carries daddy's gun.
Mother's chattering on and laughing
As if parting were just fun.

She's put apples in his pocket,
He's got photos in his book,
When he isn't busy fighting,
He'll have time to have a look.

Dad is going to fight for England,
For a world where men are free,
Better times for all but — mostly
He'll be fighting for these three.

SALUTE THE SOLDIER

The soldier is giving up all he holds most dear. What can we do to show our gratitude? We can salute the soldier by saving. SALUTE THE SOLDIER



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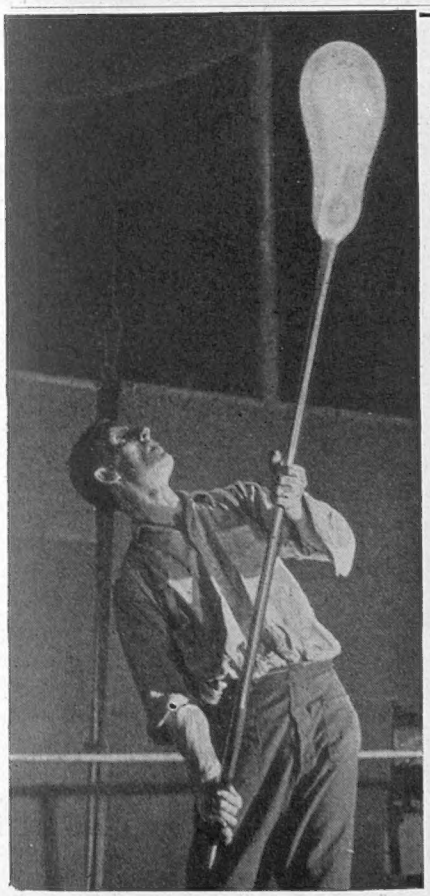
In emergency rations issued to servicemen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives on land and sea.

Large quantities of Horlicks also go to hospitals, vital war factories and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when you find Horlicks difficult to get, please remember that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS



WHAT WILL IT BE?

HERE IS A MASTER CRAFTSMAN, one of the most highly skilled glassmakers in the world. This blob of molten glass is being shaped by blowing and swinging . . . into what? Not oven-glass but one small part of a war-winning machine.

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Clear and stays clear

PHOENIX
REGD. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVEN-WARE

GROWING UP— and building up

The 'teen age is a critical stage of development. The young people are still growing. Longer hours and the harder conditions of business, compared with school, are a further tax. Right feeding is most important at this time.

Fortunately, the young people of today are keenly intelligent about food. Girls, for example, *know* that a good mixed diet is necessary for a neat trim figure, charm and vivacity ; and that fruit and greens help to clear the skin and to give them a good complexion. Even the boys fall into line, for they know the importance that is placed on food in training for the special services.

There is a helpful booklet, just published, called " How to plan meals for children from 12 to 17 years of age." Why not send a postcard for it to the Ministry of Food, Food Advice Division, London, W.1 ? *Meantime, here are some pointers for you :*

Breakfast Always give some builder (milk, or dried eggs, or fish, fresh or canned) and some energiser (porridge, fried potatoes or bread). Rushing out on an empty stomach is bad for everyone ; especially for growing youngsters.

Mid-day Meal Impress upon young workers the need for them to have a real good meal, *including greens or a salad*, at mid-day. If they cannot come home, persuade them to go to their canteen or a British Restaurant if there's one near them. Buns and tea are all very well for 'elevenses' or tea-time, but *not* for the mid-day meal. If you put up packed meals, remember that each meal should include: 1. a builder; 2. a protector, such as fruit, when you can get it, a raw vegetable salad in a container, or salad sandwiches ; 3. Energy food, which generally looks after itself in bread, pastry, turnover, cake, etc.

HERE IS A SUGGESTION FOR ONE PACKED MEAL:

Turnover filled with sausage meat, cooked dried peas, herbs, parsley, and chopped leek or onion. Raw cabbage salad in a screw-top jar. Oatmeal scones and jam.

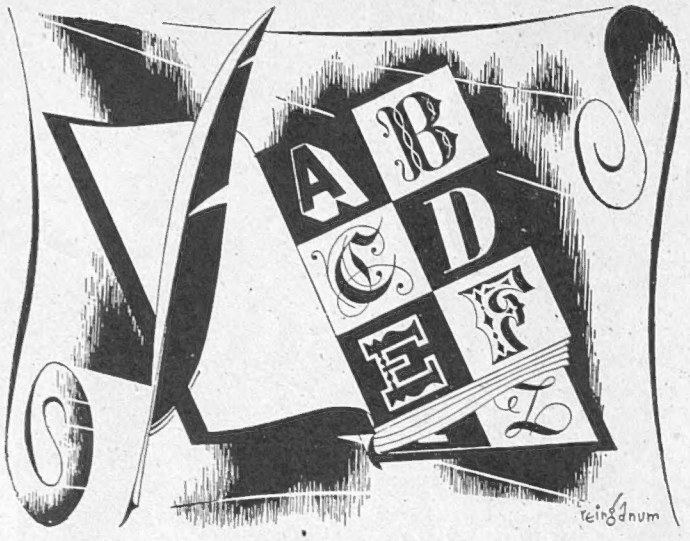
Evening Meal Here again, try to get in a builder, a protector, and an energiser. For example, an omelette or scrambled eggs, made with dried eggs is a first-class builder. Add some lightly cooked green vegetables or a salad — some watercress or mustard and cress is excellent — and some fried potatoes or bread and margarine and you have a perfect meal. So easy to prepare, too, and a boon if you have to return from your own war work to cook.

For a bed-time drink, try soup sometimes for a change.

EXTRAS FOR THE UP TO 18's

Young people up to 18 are entitled to half a pint of milk a day. Up to this age, too, they should be able to get National Milk Cocoa where they work at a price of not more than 1d. per cup. If they're not getting it, urge them to ask about it. Milk and National Milk Cocoa are valuable building foods. Please do your best to make sure that your young people have their full share of them.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD
(S88)



TWENTY-SIX ALPHABETICAL SYMBOLS: a few thousand basic words! These are the apparently limited "raw materials" of poetry and prose, yet from them have been woven the plays of Shakespeare and the simple native verse of Burns! In the textile field the limitations imposed by "Utility" standards also offer a challenge to creative genius. How Marshall's designers have accepted it you can see in the present Marshall Fabrics — especially in the "near woollen" (spun rayon) range. Here is true poetry of design and colour, allied to superb draping qualities, supple "handle" and maximum shrinkage. Truly the Marshall guarantee — "Style Right, Price Right" — means more than ever to you to-day. * Our restricted supplies are fairly distributed to all our stockists.

Marshall Fabrics STYLE RIGHT—PRICE RIGHT

Fashion Rayons, printed, dyed and woven. Dress, Suiting and Coating Woollens, Woven Cottons.

Kayser Underwear fits because it's tailored

. . . . and all Kayser-Bondor stockings are full-fashioned

Confident Motherhood

Before Baby comes you make many preparations. Even in war time it is not difficult to knit pretty, dainty things.

So too you prepare for the possibility that you *may* not be able to feed him yourself. Well, in that case you will not hesitate. In those all important first weeks, only the best is good enough for *your* babe.

Your doctor will tell you you cannot go wrong with COW & GATE Milk Food. He knows it is England's finest milk, prepared with exquisite scientific care, rich in the necessary vitamins and the minerals that build bone and teeth and brain.

In the last quarter of a century COW & GATE has won fame all over the world as the best milk for baby when natural feeding fails. It will ensure your baby's future.

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"Babies Love it!"

Take it from me -

Phillips

Rubber Soles and Heels are worth waiting for!

PHILLIPS RUBBERS LAST LONGEST

NO VITA-WEAT
VITA-WEAT
Said MR. PEEK to MR. FREAN: "Our Northern friends may think we're mean"
Said MR. FREAN to MR. PEEK: "Let's tell them there's no need for pique!"

NORTHERNERS won't be able to get Vita-Weat until after the war, as the Government's zoning scheme is now in operation. But Mr. Peek and Mr. Frean hope that their friends in the North will remember them, and that their more fortunate customers in the South will be able to get a share of the limited supplies of Vita-Weat that are available.

Vita-Weat REGD

PEEK FREAN'S CRISPBREAD

Made by Peek Frean & Co. Ltd., makers of famous biscuits

Thank goodness I always bought

'Viyella' REGD.

Service Shirts

Cool when it's hot
—warm when it's not

'Viyella' and 'Clydella' women's service shirts—always paint-fresh, supremely washable and hard-wearing. In regulation Khaki, Air Force blue and white. Write for name of nearest stockist.

W5

So beautifully white

. . . so easily done

A teacupful of Parozone to eight gallons of *cold* water—and you have the solution to immaculate white linens and cottons. You don't use fuel and you don't use labour. Simply soak the washed clothes in the Parozone solution overnight—rinse and wring them out in the morning, and they are ready to dry, snow white and fresh as the day they were bought.

For MUSTARD GAS

Parozone should be applied, full strength, to affected parts, left on for two minutes and then washed off. It must be applied immediately, or within five minutes.

Parozone must not be applied near the eyes.

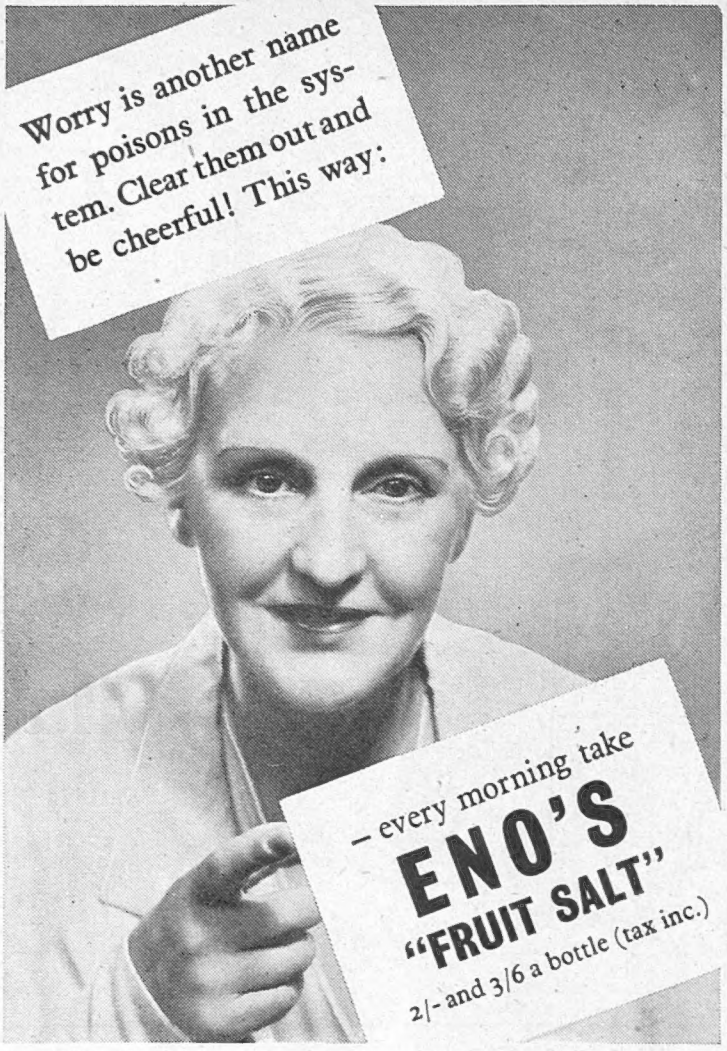
PAROZONE REGD

FROM YOUR GROCER OR STORE

Don't blame your suppliers if you can't get all the Parozone you want. Bear with us, please—we are doing everything possible to maintain supplies.

Head Office: Glasgow; and at London and Nottingham.

"Can't you see I'm busy with my Schoolgirl Complexion?"
"Schoolgirl Complexion" is only grown-up talk to her now. But her mother is making sure that, one day, it will be part and parcel of her charm. The natural loveliness of her skin is being protected by the rich, velvety, olive-oil lather of Palmolive. She'll grow up "Schoolgirl Complexion" all over
4d. Including Tax
PALMOLIVE
PALMOLIVE


Worry is another name for poisons in the system. Clear them out and be cheerful! This way:
– every morning take
ENO'S
"FRUIT SALT"
2/- and 3/6 a bottle (tax inc.)

"SYLVIA"

A Tomorrow will dawn when imagination can have free rein again — when colour and loveliness can be added to craftsmanship and quality, to express the exhilaration of peace-time days. That is the glory to come. TODAY — we are making WAUKEEZI ORIGINALS with all the charm and style war-time restrictions permit, still finely made, good-looking shoes. They are obtainable in strictly limited quantities, from DOLCIS, LILLEY & SKINNER, MANFIELD, SAXONE and other high-grade shoe shops.

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MP/RE

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again with—

Schweppes

BISTO GRAVY

For our wartime meat ration

And our peacetime prime joint

No more creasing worries!

'Tebilized' brand rayons de-wrinkle themselves. And they have more than *tested crease-resistance*: they drape more subtly, need less washing and ironing. They have stabler dyes, reduced shrinkage-risk and longer useful life—virtues that help conserve raw materials for war factories. So when you *must* buy, choose 'Tebilized' brand rayons for thrift and bandbox chic.

fabrics branded **TEBILIZED** Regd

have tested crease - resistance

'TEBILIZED' TRADE MARK USERS ASSOCIATION, 2 COOPER ST., MANCHESTER 2

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VANTONA "Court" Bedcovers, VANTONA "Blansheets," VANTONA "Morning Joy" Towels and VANTONA Down Quilts, etc.

VANTONA *household* TEXTILES

In the meantime VANTONA continue to co-operate with the Government by producing a limited quantity of Utility Counterpanes, Cotton Blankets, Towels, Sheets, Down Quilts, etc. Look for the Utility tab with the VANTONA brand mark.

VANTONA TEXTILES LTD. PORTLAND STREET. MANCHESTER

This Harella coat in pure wool georgette! Sleek and well cut. In black, navy or lido; from all good fashion stores, or in case of difficulty write to L. Harris Ltd. (wholesale only) 243 Regent St., London, W.1.

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I shall always buy

Grafton

FURNISHING FABRICS

They stood by me, so as soon as I can buy them again I shall ask for Grafton.

F. W. GRAFTON & CO., LTD., OXFORD ST., MANCHESTER, 1

Britannia and Eve MAY 1944

NICHOLAS had quietly let himself into her flat with his latchkey, stolen into her bedroom, and wakened her

After Glow

A Story of German Espionage

By

Frank King

FOR reasons which he considered good and sufficient, Nicholas Wentworth had not met Judy Cairn in public since the outbreak of war. He never wrote to her, though he telephoned regularly—always from a public call-box. When he visited her flat, it was invariably at night; and he took elaborate precautions to ensure that he was not observed.

Naturally, there were times when Judy yearned for a run in the country, a dinner *à deux*, or a dance. But she knew and appreciated these reasons of his; he confided in her as much as he dare confide in anyone. She knew, too, that things would be different after the war, so that was something to look forward to. In the meantime, she tried to hide her pride in the fact that she was frequently able to help him in his work, a privilege which would have been impossible had anyone known of their association.

"What is it this time?" she asked, pretending to yawn, to cover up her excitement.

It was three o'clock in the morning. Nicholas had quietly let himself into her flat with his latchkey, stolen into her bedroom, and wakened her. He waited until her mouth closed, then planted a kiss firmly on her red lips.

"I'm going to buy you a new car," he said, sitting on the bed.

"You can't, in wartime. And what's wrong with the one I've got?"

"I can—and will. I'm afraid you're going to make rather a mess of your old rattletrap to-day."

"Oh!" She looked up at his keen, alert face, with its steady, grey eyes, and, as usual, longed to ruffle his fair, wavy hair. "That a prophecy?"

He nodded. "If it's anything in your line."

"Helping you?"

"Yes. There's less chance of any suspicion being aroused if the accident is due to a woman. And I know what a good driver you are."

Her blue eyes sparkled. She pushed a dark, rebellious curl away from them.

"Orders, please!" she begged.

Nicholas lit a cigarette and grinned.

"Know Graydon's, the art dealer's, in Carlisle Street?"

"Do I know——" Judy sat up. "Nick! Can I really help you—with that?"

X

"At eight o'clock this morning you'll drive along Carlisle Street, entering it from the Landon Road end. There won't be too much traffic about, and you'll be able to work up a fairly decent speed. Just before you reach Graydon's, a woman with a baby in her arms will step off the pavement directly in your path. You'll have to swerve violently to avoid her—to the left, so that your car will mount the pavement and crash into Graydon's window. Think you can manage that?"

"Sure! But——"

"If you drop sideways in your seat you shouldn't come to any harm. But I'd like you to be unconscious—concussion, or a faint, as you like—so that an ambulance has to be summoned to take you to hospital. There you can recover at your leisure. Any objections?"

"Of course not! But, Nick, do tell me——"

"Not on your life!" He smiled at the eagerness in her lovely face. "You might throw a genuine faint. You might babble as you came round. I can't risk that. The less you know, the better." His voice softened. "But I'll make you a promise. Look after yourself carefully. Come out of the smash without so much as a scratch. Then, if all goes well, you shall be in at the kill. Satisfied?"

"You bet!" Judy hugged him. "We'll have a drink to seal that bargain."

MR. WILLIAM SMITH, M.R.C.V.S. lived in an old-fashioned detached house in Landon Road. His kennels and surgery were at least ten miles away. But Mr. Smith was doing work of national importance. Apart from his ordinary veterinary practice, he was a specialist on Alsatians, and spent two or three days each week at an Army camp where these dogs were trained for war. So his allowance of petrol was very generous, and he was able to use his car more or less as he liked.

It was a rather curious car. The bonnet and front seats were quite ordinary, but the rear portion was like a closed tradesman's van, with double doors opening at the back. The ventilation holes in the sides gave a clue to its purpose—the convenient transportation of dogs and other small animals which Mr. Smith sometimes found necessary.

And there was a rather curious ritual connected with Mr. Smith's departure from home each morning. Immediately after breakfast he accompanied Mrs. Smith

"JUST before you reach Graydon's, a woman with a baby in her arms will step off the pavement directly in your path. You'll have to swerve violently to avoid her—to the left, so that your car will mount the pavement and crash into Graydon's window"

down to the strengthened basement which had sheltered them throughout the blitzes on London. In one corner, embedded deep in concrete, stood a modern fireproof safe. Mr. Smith unlocked this and took out two large, black bags. Carrying one of these he climbed the stairs and went out to the garage, followed by Mrs. Smith, carrying the other.

This morning, as on so many others, Mrs. Smith heard him panting, and sighed. She didn't like to think he was growing old.

"Why can't we leave the things in the car overnight?" she asked. "It's not at all likely that we'll have any more bombing."

He shook his grey head with decision.

"I shouldn't care to take the risk," he replied. "An incendiary on the garage—and our life's work would be ruined."

He opened a small side door and they passed into the garage, switching on the light. When he had unlocked the back doors of the car, the ritual continued as usual. On a platform inside the van stood a thing of dials, valves and switches—a powerful wireless set. While the woman dismantled this, the man drew from the bags two further complicated pieces of mechanism. One looked like some kind of lamp, the other was obviously a camera. Both had projecting lenses; and the height of the platform was so contrived that when Mr. Smith had clamped his toys to it, the lenses fitted into two of the ventilation holes.

The work proceeded with swift efficiency. When Mrs. Smith had packed the dismantled wireless set into the two black bags, Mr. Smith connected various wires to his lamp and camera. Then, slipping behind the driving-wheel of the car, he touched a button on the dashboard. A tiny click came from the interior of the van. Nothing else happened; but he was satisfied.

"I'm not expecting anything for a week or so," he remarked. "Still, one never knows."

He locked the van securely and helped Mrs. Smith to carry the bags down to the safe. Returning to the hall, he put on his hat and coat, and kissed her. Still a little breathless from his exertions, he opened the yard gate and slid back the big garage door. As he drove out a nearby clock was chiming ten—a very reasonable time for a veterinary surgeon to commence his day's work.

It was a lovely morning, and Mr. Smith was in no urgent hurry. He travelled contentedly in the stream of traffic along Landon Road, and turned into Carlisle Street, humming a little tune. When he came in sight of Graydon's the humming stopped abruptly. A trace of anxiety sprang into his eyes. The window of the art dealer's shop had been broken. Already a couple of workmen were nailing boards across it.

The constable on point duty a little further along recognised the veterinary surgeon, saluting him as an old friend. Mr. Smith drew in to the kerb, pulled up, and went back for a short gossip.

"Been an accident there?" he enquired, with a gesture towards Graydon's.

Illustrations by Edward Osmond

"BEEN an accident there?" Mr. Smith enquired of the constable on point duty

"Yessir. A car went slap into it a couple of hours ago."

"Oh!" Mr. Smith's face twitched a little. "Something wrong with the steering?"

"No, it wasn't that. A fool of a woman stepped right in front of it. Carrying a child she was, too. As near death as nippit! Best bit of driving I've seen for a while. *And* it was a girl. Hadn't a chance to pull up. Swung her wheel over sharp, and missed the woman by inches. Messed up her car rarely."

"Was she hurt?"

"Unconscious when I got to her. But luckily she'd escaped the flying glass. Just stunned, I dare say; unless there were internal injuries. Anyhow, we got her to hospital within ten minutes."

"Anyone I know, do you think?"

"Dunno, sir. A Miss Judy Cairn, according to the identity card in her handbag. Lives at Morpeth Court. Rather swagger flats near Marble Arch."

"Yes, I know them. But I don't think I know Miss Cairn." Mr. Smith looked relieved. "She must have plenty of nerve. Most people would just have jammed on their brakes and hoped for the best. Well, I'm glad things were no worse. Good-morning, Constable."

"'Morning, sir."

Mr. Smith returned to his car and drove on. He was thoughtful and preoccupied as he went about his day's work. When he returned home in the evening Mrs. Smith knew at once that something had upset him.

Her own face grew grave as he told her of the accident in Carlisle Street.

"You think—someone suspects?" she murmured.

He shook his head doubtfully.

"If it had been a man—with no obvious cause for the accident—I should have been scared. But the constable saw it all, and apparently it was quite genuine."

"Yet you are worried?"

"One must be sure. Besides, another picture will be on its way, and I cannot afford to miss it. In these days of labour shortage it may be weeks before a new window is put in."

"Couldn't you communicate direct with the artist?"

"Far too dangerous. Besides, he destroys all his memoranda immediately. He could give me no worth-while information from memory."

"You must be very careful, my dear."

"Of course. First I shall have some enquiries made about this Miss Judy Cairn. I shall also have Graydon's watched, so that we shall know immediately the new picture arrives. If I am satisfied that the breaking of the window was due to a genuine accident, we shall carry on just as before."

"But with the window boarded up, this particular picture—"

"There is an obvious way of dealing with it." Mr. Smith smiled gently. "Listen—and tell me what you think about my plan."

THE thing had started several weeks ago, when the Chief sent for Nicholas Wentworth.

"An important job, Nick," he said. "And, I'm afraid, a darned difficult one."

"That 's how I like 'em, sir."

"I know. You also like a few definite facts to work on. But this time I can give you only very vague particulars indeed. We 've put a lot of work into the case without getting much further, and if you can finish it. . . . Anyhow, here 's what you 're up against. You know, I suppose, that we 've never managed to lay our hands on the German agent who 's operating a wireless transmitter somewhere in London."

"I didn't know you were sure he was a German agent."

"We weren't—until a few weeks ago. Then we managed to break his code. We 've kept a record of all the messages we 've picked up, of course, and, believe me, Nick, they 're an eye-opener! Secret information about aerodromes and aircraft factories. Production figures. Troop movements and departure of convoys. Just the stuff the Nazis want! In messages originating within a few miles of where we 're sitting!"

"You can't get a line on him with direction-finding apparatus?"

"He doesn't give us a chance. Transmits at irregular intervals, usually after dark, at different times, and never from the same place twice. Before we can locate him he 's packed up and moved on. A wise old bird!"

Nicholas sat on the edge of the desk, swinging his long legs.

"A car, evidently. And he wouldn't risk being pulled up at night unless he 'd an assured position. Someone quite well known?"

The Chief nodded. "And completely unsuspected. We 're not a bit likely to get at him directly. But there 's another angle for you to work on. You' ve heard of Philip Walton?"

"The artist?"

"Yes. He 's responsible for the very striking series of posters illustrating different branches of the war effort which you see on hoardings all over the country. He 's working for the Government, Nick; and unless we 're very much mistaken, he 's also working for Germany."

"Good Lord!"

"As an official artist he has access to all sorts of places the general public know nothing about. He visits secret factories, and is given extraordinary facilities at ports and aerodromes. And here 's something we discovered when we decoded our collection of messages sent out by our mystery spy. Soon after Walton has visited any such place, detailed information about it is wirelessed to Germany. The thing 's happened too often to be just a coincidence."

"But you don't think he 's the actual agent?"

"He hasn't even a car. On several occasions the messages have been transmitted from London while he was away in Scotland or Northern Ireland. No, he 's not the man we really want. Someone's got at him, persuaded him to become a traitor. Maybe he has Nazi leanings; I don't know. What I do know is that if we arrest him—or give him the slightest grounds for thinking he 's under suspicion—we 'll lose the wise old bird for whom he 's working."

Nicholas frowned thoughtfully. "He's got to pass on his information somehow. It shouldn't be too difficult——"

"Okay. That 's your job, Nick." The Chief smiled. "We 've had him under close observation. We 've tapped his 'phone, opened his letters, investigated everyone with whom he 's come into contact. Admittedly we 've had to go carefully, and a few weeks isn't a very long time. But since we 've tumbled to him a message about the launching of a new aircraft-carrier has been flashed to Germany, with very secret details of its equipment. I can't imagine the wise old bird holding up news of this sort any longer than necessary. Can you?"

"You mean Walton has got that through since he was under observation?"

"Precisely. Going to be a bit more difficult than you thought, eh? And remember that it 's a double-barrelled job. You' ve not only to discover the method of communication; you 've to identify—and get—the man who receives the information and passes it on to Germany. Anything less than this will be failure. I needn't warn you about the wise old bird. You know as well as I do how wide his eyes will be, that the slightest hint of danger will send him under cover. A ticklish job, Nick." The Chief smiled again and extended his hand. "I 'm assigning you to it with every confidence."

So that was that. One doesn't argue with the Chief. Nicholas swore under his breath and got to (*Continued on page 67*)

BY further occasional flashes of the torch, Judy saw the silhouetted figures of two men crouched over something on the floor between them

When Peace Returns to Britain

A Peep Into The Future

By Negley Farson

SMUTS recently told us that there is every likelihood that there will be no Peace Conference following the end of this war. In other words, we will not make another fatuous attempt to solve the world's troubles by decree, and this in a free-for-all conference lasting less than four months. Each difficult and complex problem after *this* war will have to be tackled by itself; and time, it is now being realized, will be the chief ingredient for the correct and satisfactory answer to practically every one of them. In this, we might take notice, is a well-timed warning as to how we should set about handling ourselves—our own personal futures, with their problems.

We have had several Reports, such as the Beveridge, Scott, and Uthwatt, which—if they go through—can be taken as blue-prints for most British lives. There is not a living person in these isles whose life won't be influenced by them, whether he or she knows it or not. Even so, as Smuts pointed out, there could be no question of trying—by decree—to reach a general all-round settlement of the world's post-war problems—this same inability to make any definite decisions about our own personal futures is going to confront us.

The most hopeful thing about this post-war period that is coming to us is that most of us have been disillusioned by what happened (or didn't happen) to us the last time, and we won't expect too much. The promises of our politicians are not taken at their face value any more, either here or in the United States. A good healthy scepticism is abroad. And that's a very valuable thing, for us personally, because it is going to save us from false hopes.

Nevertheless, the *main* course of certain legislature can be taken as already established. The British farmer, for one thing, is definitely not going to be allowed to fall back into his previous desperate pre-war plight. The advance made during this wartime in that direction will not be abandoned under, say, the influence of London City, determined to get the interest back on its foreign investments in the Argentine and elsewhere. The power, usually a malignant one, of London City is going to be strictly supervised, limited, both in Britain's international and Britain's domestic policies. But to the average man in the street, troubled with the problems of his own post-war future, most of these major schemes—such as for post-war agriculture—do not seem to have any bearing on him. Therefore, unless he is a farmer, or a journalist, or an M.P., the chances are 100-1 that he will never even look at the Uthwatt Report.

I don't say that he should. But I do say that every Englishman should have a high and healthy interest as to just what shape of things to come is being planned for the English countryside. The reason being that these new plans, apparently concerned solely with landlords and farmers, *may* be the answer to the very perplexing questions which have been troubling him. They may provide opportunities that, unless he is aware of such possibilities, have never occurred to him. That a "land fit for heroes" is not going to be reached by decree, or even attempted, can be taken as a foregone conclusion. That, certainly, is the most unfortunate slogan that the otherwise politically-wise Lloyd George ever trumpeted. It ranks on a par with his "Hang the Kaiser" election campaign. Such false alarms have warned legislators that they had better go slow as to trying to compress in some catch-phrase just what is the new Britain that they are trying to bring about. They know now that, legislatively, they will have to crawl before they can walk, in this coming post-war period; and that they will have to walk, slowly, for a long, long time before they can run.

But, as I said, we *can* see that certain definite changes are going to come about. Of these I think that one of the most important is going to be the return to life of the ordinary small English market town. You may not see, at this stage of the article, just how this is going to affect either you or me. My job, in this article, is to talk about me. And, if you can forgive the first person singular, you may find something in it that is applicable to yourself. I, for one, have banked the main part of my future on the certain revival of life to the small English market town. And now I'll tell you why.

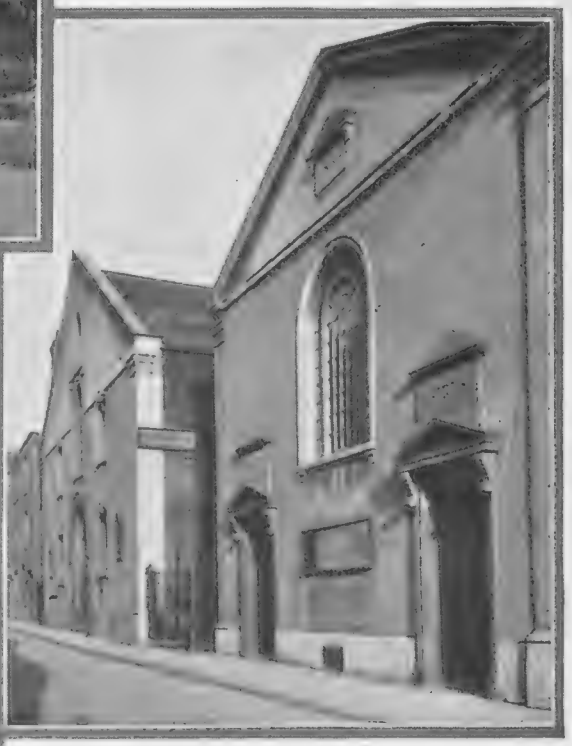
I, like a great many people who will read this article, have been wondering where I would live after this war is over. As it happens, making my living by writing, I have my business under my hat (*Continued on page 62*)

DECORATION BY JACK MATTHEW

American

Places in the Link up With

America's most hallowed shrine in England is the Jordans Meeting House, near Chalfont St. Giles in Buckinghamshire. Here, William Penn, founder of Pennsylvania, was buried close to the simple tree-shadowed house where he so often communed with his followers in the true spirit of friendship. The Meeting House is cleverly designed for crowded meetings, for one of the bedrooms is so arranged that it can be opened and used as a gallery when the meeting room below is full



Another link with William Penn is Penn Street, Bristol. This picture shows Tabernacle Church, founded by the Rev. George Whitefield, a friend and co-worker with John Wesley. Just opposite this church was the Dominican Friary where the Quakers used to meet and where William Penn was married in 1695. Whitefield himself went to America—the land of promise where all men had freedom of speech

Mayflower House, the Barbican, Plymouth. Some of the Pilgrim Fathers slept in this house before sailing to America in the "Mayflower" in 1620. This Elizabethan building replaced Island House dating from the year 1400. In 1941 the building suffered some damage from enemy action, but the damage will be made good in due course

The fifteenth-century Guildhall at Boston, Lincolnshire. In the cells, which are still to be seen, were imprisoned some of the passengers, including William Brewster the leader of the expedition, of that famous ship the "Mayflower." In this building the first mayor of the borough was elected, and the corporation used it for feastings and meetings for over 350 years. Restored in 1911 it is now the Borough Museum

ANYTHING connected with the *Mayflower* holds pride of place in the pilgrim's eyes, with William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, running it very close. It was in 1620 that 120 God-fearing English men and women, martyrs to the religious fanaticism and mulish arrogance of James I, decided to leave this country for good or ill. Sailing from Southampton, they were forced to seek refuge from a storm in Plymouth harbour. Some slept on shore while the boats were being overhauled, and a small house on the Barbican is reputed to be the one in which many of them stayed. A stone on Plymouth quay bears the simple inscription: MAYFLOWER. 1620.

A more loquacious tablet on the wall gives fuller particulars—presumably for the Englishman to rub up his local history, for Americans need no reminder of their great ancestral colonizers.

An old barn belonging to an hotel near Chalfont St. Giles, Buckinghamshire, proudly boasts of having been built with timbers from the *Mayflower*. Initials of the original Pilgrim Fathers are displayed cut deep into the beams. Who can blame the small boy of to-day, who, with his new penknife, tries to copy their example on anything within reach?

Another link with the *Mayflower* is the Guildhall, at Boston, Lincolnshire. Here were imprisoned some of the passengers of that famous ship, including William Brewster, the leader of the expedition. They were punished for daring to attend meetings forbidden by the State and preaching, when led to do so. The cells in which they were confined are still to be seen in the Guildhall—a strange anomaly in a building where, for 350 years, mayoral banquets and meetings were held. To-day its serenity is unbroken by brawls or joviality, for it is now the Borough Museum, deep-set with that peace that only relics of a past age can bring.

It is at Fydell House, in the same town, that the Boston branch of the English-speaking Union has its headquarters. Formally opened by J. P. Kennedy in 1938, it is dedicated to the use of Bostonians from overseas. A charming Queen Anne residence with delicate wrought-iron gates, it is a fitting casquet for that reverence meted out to all things pertaining to American-English history by its devotees.

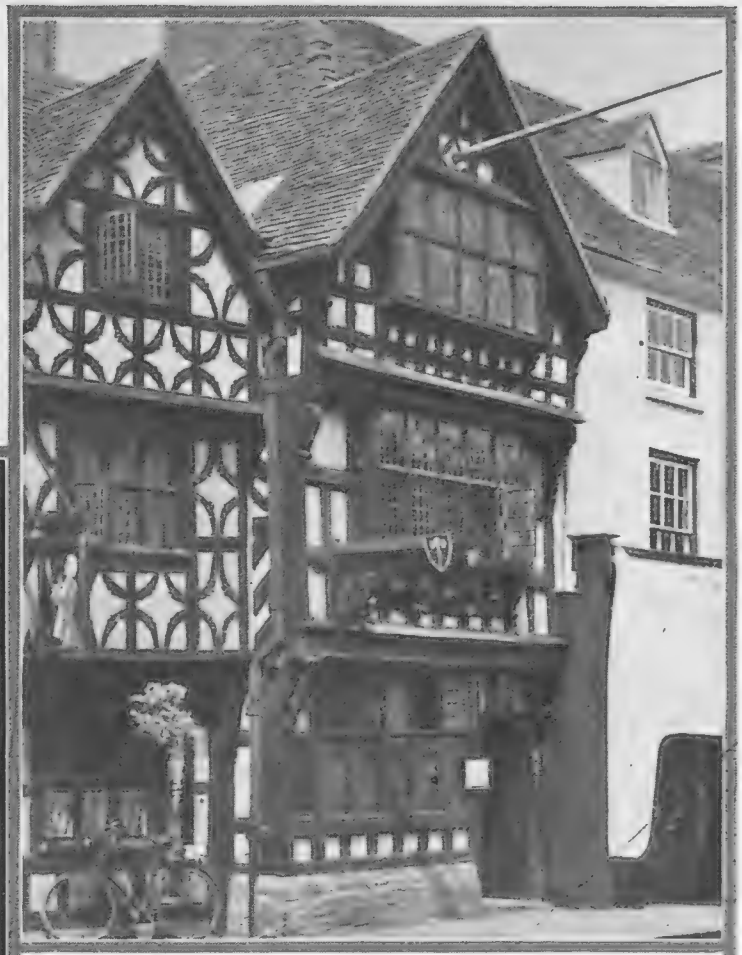
It was the silent suffering of the Society of Friends that did more to colonize America than all the seafaring pirates of the Elizabethan era. The great William Penn was a strong adherent of the Society of Friends—called Quakers in derision from their habit of trembling and shaking when the Spirit bade them speak. Although George Fox was the founder of the sect and spent many years in America, it was due to William Penn that they found security in Pennsylvania, free from persecution.

He was the son of Sir William Penn,

Roots in Britain

Old Country Which Life in the New World

By C. Lovett Turner



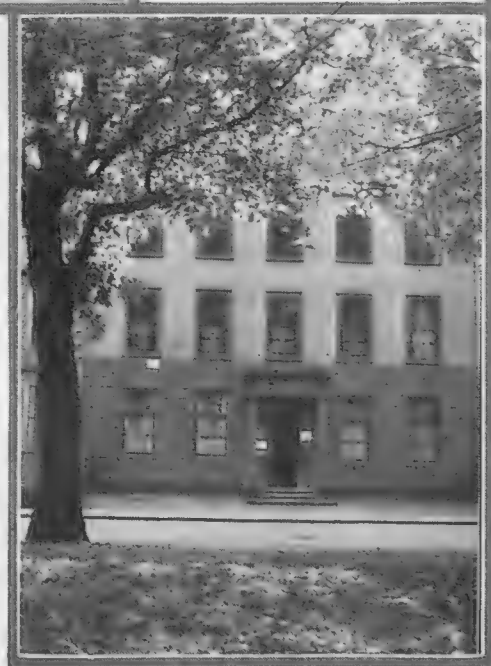
Harvard House, in the High Street, Stratford-on-Avon. This beautiful 16th-century house was erected in 1596 by Thomas Rogers, whose daughter became the mother of John Harvard, founder of the famous college that bears his name

(On left). Emmanuel College, Cambridge, where John Harvard was an undergraduate. The room he used during the time he spent at this college can still be seen

Comptroller of the Navy and personal friend of Samuel Pepys. Like George Fox, Penn the younger cared little for the voice of authority, and was often in prison for attending the Quakers' meeting, as well as for his writings against orthodox religion. Pepys, with his usual candour, says of his book, *Sandy Foundations Shaken*, that it was "a ridiculous nonsensical book set out by William Penn for Quakers, but so full of nothing but nonsense that I was ashamed to read it." Nevertheless he seems to have done so and taken more than a passing interest in the son of his friend in consequence. Others did not share his opinions, for it was on account of this book that Penn was imprisoned in the Tower for seven months, during which time he wrote *No Cross, No Crown*, a book even more widely read.

Although Penn's long-suffering father twice banished him from home, they were reconciled at last and, when he died in 1670, Penn inherited the estate. In 1681 Charles II, perhaps because he feared the sting of his pen, or because of the misgivings of a belated conscience, granted him and his heirs the province lying to the west of the Delaware River. This Penn quickly colonized, giving it the well-known name of Pennsylvania.

There is no doubt that the Quakers were the butt of all who had a grudge against religion. Even Pepys mentions an occasion when, during a meeting, "the soldiers did use them roughly and were to blame." As we know, Pepys was not immune from local gossip, and later he says "they were charmed by a string tied about their waistes," and, though forbidden to swear, "My Lord of Pembroke heard a Quaker at the tennis (*Continued on page* 50)



Number 37 Queen Square, Bristol, is believed to have been used as the first American Consulate in this country

(On right). The Cabot Tower, Brandon Hill, Bristol. This tower was built in 1897 to commemorate the 400th anniversary of the discovery of Newfoundland by John and Sebastian Cabot who sailed from Bristol. There is a similar tower erected in Newfoundland

The housebreaker rummages about for jewels, but almost anything that's rationed, couponed, pointed, or scarce, from bed-sheets to brandy, from linen to lingerie, fetches a good price, has a ready market, and is hard to trace

The Crime Crop In Wartime

Will it Leave its Mark on Society in the Coming Years?

By C. Patrick Thompson

"I'LL be glad when the war's over," said the C.I.D. man, "and we get back to straightforward crime. Same old things and same old faces—and less of everything, too."

I understood him. Being a detective in wartime London is the most complex sort of headache. It is also hard labour. Crime has changed considerably. It has run out of its deep, narrow gulleys, and made innumerable new little rivulets. Criminals have changed too, and they have hugely increased.

One hopes this is only a war-duration phenomenon. I stress *hopes*, for criminologists with whom I have discussed the phenomenon fear we may be witnessing a creeping rot of moral disintegration, which will leave its mark on post-war society—make a new "lost generation," more lost than the one the last war created in Britain, but maybe not so large or so lost as the one which prohibition built in America.

The big bulge is in the corrupted-citizen group, and the teen-age criminal of both sexes. British statistics in the fifth war year are less alarming than those which shocked FBI chief Edgar Hoover in America's second war year: 17 per cent more boys under 21 arrested for assault, 26 per cent more for disorderly conduct, 30 per cent more for drunkenness, 10 per cent more for rape; drunkenness among girls being up 39 per cent, prostitution 64 per cent, and vagrancy 124 per cent.

But they are serious enough in a country where, out of 650,000 to 750,000 offences committed annually in peace time, half are traffic offences, 98.9 per cent are handled by the magistrates and only 1.1 per cent go for trial by jury, only 4 per cent of persons found guilty get jail sentences, 80 per cent getting off with a fine, the rest being dismissed or bound over.

As to the future, one must wait and see. Talking to the C.I.D. man, I was waiting to see what would happen about a break-in at my flat. A neat yet bungled crime (why bungled is another story), with wartime hallmarks. Four items are relevant.

An old suit had been taken—what peace-time housebreaker would bother with an old suit? The blackout curtains had been drawn, enabling the housebreaker to go to work with the lights full on (noting, on a moonlight night, that the curtains were not drawn, would tell the crime commando that the tenant was not in). The job was probably done during an air raid the night after I left my flat. And only a few things had gone—a couple of flat travelling clocks, a case of cosmetics belonging to my wife, a gold bangle of hers, and a jewelled hat brooch. Two portable typewriters, one cased ready to pick up, were left. Also the silver. And a whole wardrobe full of clothes, including a newish suit of mine.

But the detectives grinned at my surprise. They read signs which had escaped me. The fellow was disturbed—he pushed off in a hurry. But—"here, you see?"—he was fixing to come back.

It seems I had been remiss. I had not left a suitcase in the flat. Every housebreaker now counts on finding at least one, preferably two—as they work in couples—suitcases, in which to pack the swag. If I had been helpful that way, I would probably have found the bedclothes gone, too. Housebreakers go for those now. Any coupon stuff has a high value, and a ready market.

THE riddle of the break-in baffled me. The lock was all right. Flat on the first floor, and all windows fastened. But the sleuth grinned again and showed me two tiny scratches on the door jamb. You get a strip of celluloid, slip it between jamb and door above the lock, work it down to the yale-type lock, and there the flexible strip bends round the light spring catch, you press it, and, lo, the catch is forced back into its recess, and the door opens as though unlatched by a key.

The technique is not wartime. The incidence is. Flat break-ins are one of the wartime crime fashions. Everything conspires to favour the rise in this type of crime. The job itself is simple, and has a pleasant touch of adventure. Any simple intelligence can master the art quickly. And it is not necessary to blow a safe once one is in. The housebreaker rummages about for jewels, but almost anything that's rationed, couponed, pointed, or scarce, from bed-sheets to brandy, from linen to lingerie, and from mincing machines to cigars and even nuts, fetches a good price, has a ready market, and is hard to trace.

The general run of wartime housebreakers and shop thieves are young, and have been in the. (*Continued on page* 60)

The riddle of the break-in baffled me. But the sleuth showed me two tiny scratches on the door jamb

They decant Algerian wine, price-and-supply controlled, and sell it to Canadian and American soldiers. By the time it arrives in a fancy carafe, it's burgundy

SERGEANT O'NEILL smiled and immediately set about filling the Spitfire's tanks

The Sergeant Shows Initiative

A Dispute Over Minor Regulations Which Resulted in an Anglo-American Romance

By Day Russell

THE American sergeant looked at the English sergeant with something like exasperation in his blue eyes. The trouble was that he could not express himself as freely as he wanted to for two reasons, first, because he had in his pocket a little booklet on how to get on with the English and, second, because the English sergeant in question was a girl. He balanced on the step of the big refuelling truck with one elbow through the window of the cab to keep him steady while she, in the uniform of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force, sat in the cab between him and the driver.

"Okay, sarge, have it your own way," he muttered. He would have preferred stronger language.

"And don't call me sarge," she snapped.

"Okay, sawgeant;" he snapped back.

The driver, a private in the U.S. Army Air Force in England, held back a grin.

"You and your red tape," muttered the American sergeant.

The truck sped along the side of the runway twisting here and there to avoid the other traffic. Tractors were trundling big Fortresses to their dispersal stations, and jeeps were running here and there with technical personnel who in between rides swarmed over damaged aircraft pulled off the runway by caterpillars. All the busyness of an airfield in the immediate aftermath of operations over Europe was in full swing, but over all, except the refuelling truck, there was a pervading air of cheerfulness. The airfield was a newly completed job; the flying and technical and administrative personnel had arrived as a complete unit from the Stafes and had moved in only a short while before; the just completed operation was, as it were, the christening ceremony of the unit and of the field. There had been hours of nerve-straining tension around the field, but now there was not only the release from tension, but the elation of a first operation successful beyond all expectations, with no planes lost, and with no casualties. There had been a belly landing and a few aircraft coming in on less than their four engines and plenty of bullet holes, but the planes and their crews were all back and it seemed an omen of good luck for the outfit.

The refuelling truck had no place in the immediate aftermath of the raid, but a Spitfire had asked permission to land and refuel and now waited, looking ridiculously small, at the end of the main runway.

"Well," said Sergeant Christine Marlow, "it's very irregular."

"Darn it," retorted Sergeant Larry

THE truck swung around with Sergeant O'Neill riding the step, and screamed to a stop dead ahead of the already moving Spitfire

O'Neill. "The boys back there are swearing it was the fighter cover that brought 'em in safely and you begrudge one of 'em a tankful of gas."

"I don't do anything of the kind," Sergeant Christine Marlow turned an indignant but not unattractive pair of brown eyes on Sergeant O'Neill and, ignoring his lean competent sort of face, tried to get in the last word on the subject at issue. "I have no objection to refuelling stray aircraft, but it is customary for the pilot of the aircraft to report to the intelligence officer and to his own station——"

"I get you, sister——"

"And don't call me sister."

"All right, sawgeant," said Larry O'Neill with a quiet desperation. "All right, all right. Just because we cut corners and get on with the job is no reason to blow up. When you get used to us you'll get used to the idea of doing jobs the quickest way—and just because I tried to date you by kissing you first and then asking after is no reason to hold out against me all your life."

"Please remember I'm on this truck only because I'm on duty."

Sergeant O'Neill looked down at the sheaf of forms she held tightly in her hands. "Don't say I didn't offer to refuel him and then give you the dope you want for your forms when we came back."

As he looked at her profile he relented a little. It was one of those plump faces with a neat turned-up nose that advertised a sense of humour and possibilities of entertaining company. But somewhere along the line he had muffed his chances and it looked as if some of the other fellows would hook her before matters mended. That was a serious thing, because of all the Waafs on the station she was the most promising. For the time being the English had supplied the auxiliary services. There were not enough American girls in England to do the job and, from what he had heard, not enough coming along in the States to replace the English girls. In addition, the station was buried in the heart of the English countryside far enough away from any town, and it was up to a man to corral dates as and when he could.

"It isn't that," she protested. "I can do my own job, but the intelligence officer should see the pilot before he takes off."

"So he should," replied Sergeant O'Neill. "He's only surrounded by a hundred or more guys all giving him a story; he's only got to sort it all out and pass it on the headquarters; and you want him to hold this guy up till to-morrow morning just so he can pat him on the back and wish him a nice run. Phooey!"

Sergeant Christine Marlow blushed. "You still don't understand."

Sergeant O'Neill noted the blush and relented even more. He pushed his spare hand into his inside pocket and pulled out a little booklet. "Look, sarge, I mean, sergeant, take a peek at this and tell me what it left out."

Sergeant Marlow took the little book and read the title and

ILLUSTRATIONS BY GEORGE DITTON

blushed again. She bit her lip to hold back a smile and pushed the book into her tunic pocket. It was the little pamphlet issued to all U.S. soldiers and airmen on how to get on with the English. "I will," she said with an accent on the second word.

Then the truck was jerking to a stop and the poker-faced driver gave no sign of his personal reactions to the byplay between his superior officers.

Sergeant O'Neill jumped down and Sergeant Marlow opened the door and climbed down. A jeep stood near the Spitfire and two American pilots who had not been out on the raid were looking over the aircraft with the English pilot. The English pilot detached himself immediately and greeted the two sergeants, giving an appraising glance at the girl, but reserving a cordial smile for the American.

"Awfully sorry to bother you," he said.

"How much do you want?" asked Sergeant O'Neill.

"Oh, fill her up. Do you mind?"

"Not at all," said Sergeant O'Neill.

"I'm afraid we can't do that," said Sergeant Marlow. "It's against regulations. Have you got far to go?"

The Englishman seemed to look through her to the American sergeant as if wondering to whom he should refer. Sergeant O'Neill was quick to take the chance.

"That's okay," he drawled to the other man.

"Excellent," said the pilot.

"I'm afraid it isn't," interrupted Sergeant Marlow, with a slight flush on her cheeks.

The pilot smiled and patted her on the arm. "Sorry, old girl. You two argue it out. I just want to run around with these fellows in the jeep. Thanks, sergeant."

His thanks were to the male sergeant, and the female sergeant was very definitely snubbed. The male sergeant smiled and, immediately set about filling the Spitfire's tanks. The female sergeant flushed still deeper, but couldn't do much else. On English stations gas was conserved like gold and careful track was kept of every gallon. Her job on this station was to do just that, but this outfit was driving her crazy; fresh from the States it seemed to forget that every gallon came half across the world over submarine-infested oceans in tankers.

She watched the jeep disappear down the runway, off on the rounds of the dispersal stations. As it disappeared among the trees she turned back to the Spitfire and made a note on her pad of the letters and numbers. Then she walked around it and climbed up to look in the cockpit. Sergeant Larry O'Neill watched her from the corner of his eye and kept back his smile. He liked the way her dark hair curled under the rim of her service cap. In fact, on the whole, he thought, she was worth a little trouble. Once they understood one another, he thought, they could be good friends, and in this forsaken neck of the woods a man needed one.

But all this fuss and red tape about a few gallons of gas gave him a pain in the neck. The English, he had already gathered, tended to be stuffy about such things and girls, in particular, stuck to the letter of regulations and showed less initiative than men.

He watched her grow more and more fidgety as the gas poured in and, to rile her, he let it run, filling the empty tanks. But for her he might have compromised, but what did it matter? In the falling dusk of the late afternoon he could see the innumerable vehicles working around the planes and the scattered Fortresses swarming with their maintenance crews. Fifty, a hundred, two hundred gallons of gas, who would care? All the aircraft were back and the spare gas in their tanks alone would fill a dozen Spitfire tanks and no questions asked.

But he had reckoned without Sergeant Marlow and her feminine passion for the formalities.

The pilot was tearing back in the jeep with his escorting pilots. He jumped out.

"All set, sergeant?" He addressed Sergeant O'Neill.

"She's yours," replied Sergeant O'Neill. "She's full and it's on our outfit for doing such a good job for our fellows this afternoon."

The pilot began to climb up into the cockpit.

"Thanks," he said. Then with a smile he repeated it in American. "Thanks a lot."

Sergeant Christine Marlow stepped forward with a line of determination on her lips.

"Can I have your name and station, please?"

The pilot looked down at her for a moment and then at the American sergeant. Sergeant O'Neill winked.

"Look, sweetheart," said the pilot. "There's a war on. I'd love to stay with you longer but, in the time I spent looking into your eyes, I could be home with the crowd and"—he winked at Sergeant O'Neill—"mother will be worrying about me. Now if you'll remove your truck, sergeant——"

Sergeant Marlow bit her lips with vexation. She was defeated and she knew it and Sergeant O'Neill took her arm in a grip that felt like a steel clamp and steered her to the truck. Almost before she had time to remonstrate she was sitting in the seat next to the driver, Sergeant O'Neill was riding the step as before and they were on their way.

He turned to her. "How about that for getting on with the English—male sex?"

Sergeant Marlow stifled her mixed emotions, pulled the little booklet out of her pocket and pushed it at Sergeant O'Neill. She said one word and said it with feeling.

"Sucker!"

Something of the passion in that one word and all of the implication that lay in it, hit him like an uppercut on the jaw and shook him out of his complacency.

His blue eyes went hard and fixed hers. For a moment two angry pairs of eyes met and neither pair flinched.

"Quick," he said grimly. "Spill it."

"You fool," she said. "You are so used to being three thousand miles away from the Germans that you forget that that Spitfire could be back with them in twenty minutes; you forget that they must have some Spitfires in their possession; you forget that they must have some Germans who are as English as the English; you forget it would be as natural for them to follow in your crowd with a Spitfire and land here while everything is topsy-turvy to get (*Continued on page* 58)

The Wanderers Over Europe

After Hostilities, Millions of Nomads will Probably be Thronging the Roads of the Continent

By Ferdinand Tuohy

THE appearance on our roads of an advanced guard of war flotsam—genuinely afflicted ones and dodgers, misfits and unemployables, crocks and crowded out, even ex-Servicemen who prefer the chance and change of the highway—this was too good an opportunity to be missed by such as have a fixed aversion to "gipsies."

Spokesmen of the real Romanies here (not more than 12,000, I believe) had little difficulty in disposing of the latest attack. They pointed out that, as usual, every stray and straggler, every tramp and vagrant, is classified as "a gipsy" by the prejudiced and ignorant. Secondly, that nearly all young Romanies and a large number of the older people have temporarily left the road for national service of some kind.

The defenders of the Romany way of life might well have gone further. With ample justification, they might have pointed to what we know will be the state of large tracts of the Continent directly this war is over, and they might have said: "Instead of casting slurs on gipsies, you'd do better to appreciate how millions of forthcoming migrants on the Continent could profit by our itinerant existence close to nature and making do from day to day, and how our independent footloose philosophy could stand them in good stead until they again get roofs over their heads."

This will produce a surprised hilarity among the undiscriminating. "Great Scott!" they'll say. "Look what he's wishing on Hitler's victims while they regain their homes! That they should develop the traits and characteristics of gipsies—in their own interests too!"

The very idea promotes an extra fluency of attack. The dirt of the gipsies, their parasitical habits, over-breeding, immorality, degeneracy, thieving, knavery, kidnapping, cruelty to children and animals, their rural depredations, poaching, obscenities, hoaxing, swindling, assaults, internecine violence, conscientious objection to work, the magnet for scum that they are. A pretty tale if all that were disseminated up and down Europe, even for a spell!

The fact of the matter is that too much stress is always put on the debit side of gipsies—by which I understand the 700,000 nomads and stationaries existing in pre-war Europe—and it is no romantic conception to visualize approaching times which will vindicate the gipsy qualities as these never yet have been in all the 500 years since the gipsies first began wandering on the Continent (they came here in 1517).

Consider the prospect ahead. In one way or another, Hitler has uprooted between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 people—it (*Continued on page 64*)

A typical gipsy family and caravan of the English countryside

A trio of Hungarian gipsy boys take a rest from earning a few coppers with the aid of their fiddles and light up a stub end of a cigarette

An Austrian gipsy band plays some dance tunes for the youngsters of the camp

In shaping the next map of Europe, Hitler has moved thousands and thousands of families. Here is a picture of an early example, a Czechoslovakian family of the Sudeten area, taking refuge in a school until the authorities find somewhere for them to start another home

Old Tales Re-told

A *Siren Empress*: *Poppæa Sabina, Wife of the Emperor Nero*

Written and Illustrated By

F. Matania, R.I.

When Nero first saw Poppæa, he was greatly surprised at her attire, as she was dressed more rigidly than a vestal virgin

MANY battles have been fought and won with the weapon of feminine beauty, and history offers a vast selection of examples. One that has all the attributes of a Shakespearean tragedy is the successful bid made by Poppæa Sabina to become mistress of the world.

Nature and fortune had endowed her with three great assets—beauty that feared no competition, a brilliant mind and fabulous wealth. Her mother was still the reigning beauty of Rome, and her sumptuous house resembled a legendary temple of luxury.

Costly cosmetics, perfumes, fine fabrics and jewels were the toys from which the youthful Poppæa derived most delight.

She was in her early teens when Messalina's exploits began to astonish the world and influence the younger generation of the time. Youth is always ready to admire boldness and courage, even when used for shameful motives, and it was natural that young girls, already spoiled by too much luxury, should seek further diversion in scandal and loose living.

Out of a host of candidates, young Poppæa chose to marry Rufius Crispinus, Præfect of the Prætorians. He was madly in love with her, but she for her part gave him only as much of her attention as was strictly necessary, and was always ready to accept the courtship of any presentable or influential man admitted to her receptions. It was quite clear that, in her conception of marriage, love was a negligible factor. For years her husband Rufius went through agonies of jealousy. He would have done anything to get Poppæa away from the crowd of men who always surrounded her, with flattery on their lips and obscene hopes in their minds. But he was forced to tolerate the social duties of his position, which included accepting presents of inestimable value which were showered on his lovely wife.

This, however, was but the prelude to the price he was destined to pay for being the husband of Poppæa Sabina.

Among her favoured admirers was a young patrician who was an intimate friend of the Emperor himself. His name was Otho Salvius. To be the companion of the nineteen-year-old Nero meant to be his associate in all the debaucheries, the nightly escapades in the Suburra and all the other orgies that took place in and out of the palace.

Otho fell in love with Poppæa, which was inevitable, since every man did so—but he went further than the others in that he wished to marry her.

To force Rufius to consent to a divorce was a big undertaking; but what was impossible for a mere senator or consul was by no means impossible to a man who enjoyed the confidence of the Emperor.

He took the plunge. Rufius would have had a chance of keeping his wife if Poppæa had discouraged Otho, but she did not. Their little son, of whom Rufius was so proud and fond, seemed to make no difference. She had coolly placed her husband Rufius and Otho in the scale, and found that the latter outweighed the former.

No other consideration made any difference to her.

From the time that she married Otho a notable change was seen in Poppæa's conduct. She was reluctant to display herself in public in the splendour of her normal toilette. She seldom consented

to leave her palace, and when she did so, she wore tunics with long sleeves and a veil partly covering her face in Oriental fashion. When she rode through the streets of Rome in her litter, the curtains were parted only far enough to allow her to give orders to her servants.

It followed that all eyes turned on that mysterious draped figure when she attended the Circus and other functions. Her modesty ceased, however, the moment she re-entered her own house. At her banquets and receptions she remained the glittering and alluring figure of old, showing as much of her person as was permissible.

Otho, in a whirl of happiness, divided his time between his lovely wife and his capricious lord.

NERO, too, was married. When he was seventeen his mother, Agrippina, had hoped to consolidate his position by marrying him to the young Octavia, beautiful daughter of the Emperor Claudius, a sweet-natured princess whose dignity and modesty quite unfitted her to be the wife of an unscrupulous scoundrel like Nero. From the very beginning she had been treated with neglectful contempt, for Nero's attention was given entirely to his mistress, Acte.

Acte possessed all the fire and physical perfection of the Greek. She had been bought as a slave in Asia Minor, brought to Rome and set free. Nero's fondness for her provocative beauty was reaching alarming proportions. Under her influence he had abandoned his debaucheries and it was rumoured that he wanted to marry her. So prevalent was the rumour of his intention to put a Greek slave on the throne of Rome that someone had already been instructed to "discover" that she was of royal blood and the daughter of King Attalus.

Agrippina trembled at the very thought of such a catastrophe. Public opinion endorsed her repugnance, but luckily things did not get so far as the actual event. The finger of destiny was pointing at the greatest drama in the history of the house of Claudius.

OTHO, for some obscure reason, possibly pride, never missed a chance of praising his wife's qualities to Nero. Her beauty, her intellect and her brilliant conversation were subjects that roused him to a flood of eulogy. The time inevitably came when Nero expressed a wish to meet this prodigy.

When he found himself at last face to face with her, he was greatly surprised at her attire and her behaviour. She was dressed more rigidly than a vestal virgin, showing nothing of herself save her face and manicured hands.

Nero was quite unused to such austerity, and this first meeting left him with a keen desire to see and know more of Poppæa.

Poppæa would not bathe in water. Milk was the only fit liquid for her skin, and asses' milk for preference, as it is the rarest. Five hundred of these beasts were kept in the royal stables for this purpose, and followed in her train wherever she went

He soon repeated the visit, and this time he surprised her in all her glory. He was fascinated by her wit and charm, and was particularly gratified by her open admiration of himself.

She knew too well how to insinuate herself into the mind of this inflammable young man. When he left her palace he was completely under her spell.

SEVERAL more visits were made, and each time Poppæa played her devilish game of enticing and repulsing him alternately. The reasons she gave for repulsing him were those of a faithful wife and of a respectful subject of the Empress Octavia. Now, to mention the word *duty* to a man who pre-eminently snapped his fingers at all the sacred things of life could have only one result—namely, to inflame and madden him more. He became more importunate in his demands.

Tacitus tells us that, when Poppæa gave him her answer, there were tears in her eyes. She declared she could not comply with his wishes without losing everything, her social position, a loving husband who was a pillar of the Empire, wealth and happiness and home.

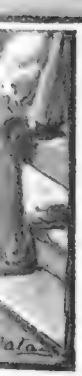
As for the Emperor himself—why, he had formerly found contentment with a low-born slave and might just as well continue in that way and spare the house of Otho much suffering.

This rebuff was the final match to the bonfire.

AGRIPPINA, who had already raged against her powerlessness over Acte, now saw a bigger danger ahead for Octavia, for she well knew that Poppæa would not put up with the position of royal mistress. So she faced the storm and demanded an interview with her son. It was a duel between two deadly foes,

Open rebellion threatened and statues of Poppæa adorning the buildings were thrown down and smashed

The bath, attended by numbers of maids and musicians, was in itself a Court function. At the precise moment when Poppæa stepped into the bath, even the harps and flutes had to be silent so as not to disturb the solemnity of the occasion



one armed with limitless courage, the other with limitless power.

Her last words were: "Remember that it was I who gave you an empire." The inference was that she could also take it away from him if she desired.

Nero understood her meaning. He made no reply, but a plot germinated in his mind which was to flower in the form of matricide.

He continued his visits to Poppæa, returning each time more intoxicated by her presence. Otho had not imagined that fate would retaliate so soon. Now it was his turn to be displaced, and he loved Poppæa sincerely. For the first time he realised what a blow he had dealt to Rufius. Poor Rufius, unable to bear his misery, had committed suicide. Now Otho, too, knew that he stood no chance of retaining the wife he adored.

Nero's mood now was such that it inspired terror in all who came near him. There was such tension in the palace that everyone knew it must culminate in some horrible climax.

The first blow fell without delay. Otho was banished from the imperial palace and from all public functions. Usually when this order was given it was followed by the suggestion that the disgraced man should open his veins, after making a will in favour of the Emperor. But Seneca and Burro, two former tutors of

Nero, always ready to intervene in the cause of justice, saved Otho's life. They persuaded the Emperor to send him as Governor to Lusitania.

There is no need to add that he was compelled to leave his wife behind.

Otho's banishment was followed by that of Agrippina herself. She was ordered from the palace and deprived of her privileges. But still Poppæa was not satisfied. She wanted Agrippina put out of the way for good. After two abortive attempts at assassination, eventually a man was found who consented to do the bloody deed. He was Anicetus, commander of the fleet at Baiæ. Afterwards, the shocked world hurled invective at the tyrant; but, as so often happens, the sheeplike tolerance of the public kept Nero in full possession of his power.

Emboldened by her success, Poppæa now turned her attention to removing her main obstacle, Octavia. Under the pretext of sterility, the unhappy Empress was repudiated and banished to Compania.

A few days later the royal marriage took place and Poppæa became Empress of Rome. But even this was not enough. Octavia, though banished, still had public opinion in her favour to such a point that open rebellion threatened. Statues of Poppæa adorning the buildings were thrown down and smashed, while those of Octavia, garlanded with flowers, were carried in procession through the streets. Nero was obliged to recall his ex-wife to the capital. From the Palatine Poppæa heard the tumultuous cheering that greeted her rival's entry into the city, and she swallowed her bitter chagrin. The people of Rome never knew that in giving Octavia this welcome they were, in fact, writing her death sentence.

An infamous calumny was invented. Octavia's maidens were tortured in order to make them admit the accusation. Some gave way under the pain, but some were loyal to the last; and one of them even spat in the face of Tigellinus. Nevertheless, Octavia was banished again, this time to the island of Pandataria, whence Anicetus undertook to bring back her severed head, and kept his word.

After this succession of hideous crimes, Nero tried to win back public esteem by ordering festivities, gladiatorial displays and races. He himself sang in public, played in tragedies and drove chariots in the Circus, much to the indignation of Poppæa, who did not think such activities worthy of the Emperor of Rome.

To raise imperial prestige, she indulged in displays of luxury that reached almost lunatic heights and cost untold sums of money. She would not bathe in water. Milk was the only fit liquid for her skin, and asses' milk for preference, as it is the rarest.

Five hundred of these beasts were kept in the royal stables for this purpose, and followed in her train wherever she went.

The bath, attended by numbers of maids and musicians, was in itself a Court function. At the precise moment when she stepped into the bath, even the harps and flutes had to be silent so as not to disturb the solemnity of the occasion.

Poppæa did not consider Nero's conduct in providing entertainment in the amphitheatre for the general populace—one such entertainment of which a vivid description of licence and debauchery has been given (*Continued on page 66*)

One day Poppæa had occasion to reproach Nero for his theatrical exhibitions, and in so doing she aroused his ungovernable temper to such a pitch that he ill-treated her very severely.

The winter larder of a fieldmouse. Beach and hazel nuts stored in the hollow of a tree

A shrike's store. This bird, aptly nicknamed the butcher-bird, frequently spits its prey, or parts of it, on convenient thorns or bramble patches

Food Hoarding *in* Nature

By Frank W. Lane

FOOD storage is practised throughout nature in a wide variety of ways. The simplest method is the accumulation of fat upon the body. The camel's hump is the obvious example of this form of "wild larder."

In the case of the eastern domestic fat-tailed sheep however, this method of food storage is found in an almost ludicrous manner. This sheep uses its tail as a storehouse! During times of plenty this member may become so enlarged that it sometimes measures three feet and weighs eighty pounds.

Owing to their love of fatty dishes, some of the Asiatics in the regions where the fat-tailed sheep are found, deliberately encourage, by artificial means, the growth of the sheep's tails. They even supply little carts to assist the animals in their necessary haulage work.

SNAKES are among the other animals which use their own bodies as food storage chambers. Pythons, for example, which can eat over a quarter of their own weight at a meal, can store enough to last them for a year. Snakes are also among the record fasters of the animal kingdom. There is a record of one python which lived over two years without eating and during the next three years it ate only four meals.

The most usual form of food storage found among animals is the laying up of food in various hide-outs. The best known example of such animals is, of course, the squirrel. So highly is the storage instinct developed in some species that they have been known to fill up their nesting boxes so completely that they couldn't get in themselves.

At times stoats run squirrels pretty close in this matter of food hoarding. Female stoats, when about to give birth to young, have been known to collect a varied larder. The carcasses of birds, mice, rats, frogs and other small game are laid out side by side, and often their heads are all made to point the same way.

The larder of a weasel was once discovered containing forty-four mice and a brace of magpies. The bodies of the mice were arranged one above another and separated by layers of sand and earth. This method of storage prevented air from reaching the bodies, which were thus in a perfectly fresh condition. The magpies were on the top of the heap, and around them were piled acorns.

A near relative of the weasel, the polecat, is another food hoarder. As many as eleven (*Continued on page 60*)

(*Left*). *Pythons use their own bodies as food storage chambers. They can eat over a quarter of their own weight at a meal, and store enough to last them for a year*

(*Below*). *The polecat is another food hoarder. A rich store laid up by one of these animals found in a hole in a river bank included frogs, water ·rew, trout and dace*

Mocking Tune

An Old Song Which Brought Back Memories—Bitter and Sweet

By Dilys Kirk

THE radiogram in the far corner of the room had been running since the nine o'clock news. Now a famous dance band was playing popular tunes and the crooner's voice, husky and intimate, filled the small room with plaintive romance.

Although they sat on either side of the fireplace, a million miles might have divided them. His head was buried in the evening paper and, except for the smoke which curled up from his cigarette, there was no movement from him. His tall body drooped in the chair with an air of laxity, of boredom, of futility. Opposite him, Gill sat, nervously erect, her eyes busily following a knitting pattern, her fingers flying with the weaving wool.

With a sudden sigh and a gesture of harsh disgust, he flung the paper aside and stared into the fire moodily.

"Is anything the matter?" Gill's brown eyes lifted for a moment to give him a glance, made up of defiance and pleading.

"No," he said, impatiently, "I wish there were."

"Is the news very depressing?" There was an obvious attempt at interest, an attempt at conversation, in her voice.

"Considering it's a bare half-hour since you turned on the wireless to hear the news . . ."

Her small, freckled face flushed. This, she thought bitterly, is how it always starts. Over nothing! I'm getting so sick of it—so sick of . . . of bickering. If only he'd come out in the open and say what's worrying him, say if—if he's fed up. She sighed hopelessly. Perhaps there's nothing the matter, maybe it's what people call the "habit of marriage." This awful business of having little but a supersensitivity of each other's feelings and moods. In the beginning it was going to be so different—so different. Everything was going to be different . . .

A lump of misery filled the back of her throat and her eyes flooded bright with tears, but she didn't look up, didn't answer him, and the sight of her calm, busy figure; the soft clicking sounds of her needles, bit into his nerves like a rain of arrows.

"For God's sake, Gill," he said, "stop that damn knitting. You make me feel I'm married to a—to a . . ."

"You and only you . . ." sang the crooner nostalgically. "Only you for ever."

The angry retort stopped on her open lips and her hands fell to her knees. Her wide eyes grew dazed and dull with memory. After a second, without turning to him, she said: "Do you remember? This tune? . . ."

"Why I . . ." He was puzzled and irritable, but half apologetically he said: "I'm afraid I don't—seem to remember it——"

"Oh, you must!" Her eyes, her hands, persuaded him. "It's very old, but, surely, you remember it?"

Now the dreamy waltz time was beginning to soak in like a warm liquid, and to soften and expand the dry tissues of remembrance. He remembered that melody all right—that swaying dream.

A crowded restaurant, snowy tablecloths, smooth waiters, dim lights and a band. A dance floor that seemed empty but for himself and the girl he held in his arms. It wasn't Gill. It was Julia, dark, tall and beautiful as night. Julia, slender and supple as youth and love. He remembered, as clearly as if he could feel its softness again, the dress of lemon-yellow chiffon she'd worn. It had floated and twisted in folds around his black trousered legs as he'd turned her in the waltz. In the mirrors that walled the room, she had watched them, and had teased in her lovely husky voice that they made a handsome couple.

"Why not let's go on for always?" he asked, holding her closer to him, feeling the hot blood beat through his body like a hundred small triumphant drums as she yielded to his grasp. "Oh, Julia, I love you!"

"I love you, too." Her sigh was a warm whisper in his ear.

"Then marry me," he urged for the thousandth time and, for the thousandth time, she shook her dark head at him. "No, darling, it wouldn't work."

"Oh, but it would! I'd work like a galley-slave for you, Julia. I'll be rich and famous and buy you the world to swing at your wrist. Please, Julia?"

"We've been over this so many times." Her voice had been sad. "I don't want to hold you back. You've got a great career in front of you. But if you marry before you're qualified, you may never have the time, or the money, to reach the top. We must wait, darling."

"Wait!" He strained her to him; he felt bitter against her obstinacy even while in the depths of his heart he loved and adored her for her plans and thoughts for him; for her belief in him. "It takes years and years to become a lawyer," he said. "Years in which we'll be wasting one another, wasting our love, our need for each other."

"We're very young. We have plenty of time."

He loved the heavy lidded way she disdained their youth; the intelligent way she talked of their future. She made him feel that there were no boundaries on earth he couldn't reach.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY W. SMITHSON BROADHEAD

It had been Julia who had pushed him on and on in his studying. Pushed him when he would have filched the time, to spend it, joyously and carelessly, in her company. He remembered how one afternoon he had, on the spur of a moment's impulse, bought flowers, roses, dark and velvety, tall-stemmed and proud like herself, and had rushed round to her father's house to see her.

She had opened the door, had taken his flowers against her lips for a moment, but she had refused to let him in to waste his time with her.

"Now that I'm here," he pleaded.

"No, darling. You must be sensible. I'll see you to-night but this afternoon you must study. Did you buy that book you wanted on international law?"

"No." He felt deflated and ashamed under her accusing eyes. "I—I will, next week."

"You spend money on roses when you can't afford to buy a book that is important to your future?"

"Darling, wouldn't you sooner have those"—he held her and the roses close in his arms—"than a musty old tome?"

Her voice had been cold with determination and a sort of grim impatience.

"If only you'll study to get somewhere," she said, "we can have the roses and each other, as well as all the books you need. Please, darling . . ."

He gloried in her ambition for him. He worked like a man building a road towards the Holy Grail.

The day he qualified he asked her again to marry him and again she refused. He was angry and bitter then, accusing her of being frightened to share some years of poverty and hard work with him while he struggled for clients.

"What help would it be to you?" she asked sweetly, reasonably, "to have a wife hanging round your neck when you'll need every penny you make to keep your own end up? Don't think that it doesn't cost me a lot to refuse you, darling. I want to marry you as much as you do me. But I couldn't bear to hold you back, to be a stumbling block . . ."

"*You!*" He laughed at the simile, but his laugh had little mirth and much pain and irritation in it. They were playing a round of golf together and as she stood, still twisted in her drive, watching the flight of her ball away from the clean, swift stroke, he thought that poverty would be as alien to her as her own simile.

Although she lived at home with parents who were anything but wealthy, she managed to convey an impression of money and ease. Maybe it was the careless, unconscious air of repose and dignity, the smell of delicate perfume, the clean willowy lines of her body, the ripple and gleam of her dark hair, the proud lift of her chin, the heavy-lidded dark eyes . . .

"Darling," he said to her once, "how is it that you always manage to look like a million dollars when women, who must

THE angry retort stopped on Gill's open lips and her hands fell to her knees. Her eyes grew dazed and dull with memory

"DARLING," he said to Julia once, "how is it you always manage to look like a million dollars when women, who must have the million, look like rag-bags or flashy versions of the real thing"

have the million, look like rag-bags or flashy versions of the real thing?"

She took his question quite seriously. One of the things that had so endeared her to him, apart from the love he had for her, was this childish vanity of hers that made everything, no matter how small, that had to do with her, important and worthy of thought. She cupped her chin in her hands for a moment while she considered.

"I think," she said at length, "that it's probably because I nearly always do have the 'real thing.' You see, I'd sooner wait for months, years if need be, for what I really want, what really suits me, than put up with second best. I'd sooner have nothing than not have the best, the very best."

"'Half a loaf is better than no bread' doesn't appeal to you?" he teased her.

"Well, as one has only one life, I think's it's better to use it struggling to have it full and complete, rather than to be content existing it out. Don't you?"

"I don't know," he said, ardently. "I don't know. I suppose it all depends on what you want. I want you, Julia, and the rest of the world can go hang."

While the skies above
Speak to me of love
You, and only you . . .

Gill's hands still lay idle in her lap. Back went the years, back over a thousand small memories. Back beyond present unhappiness and doubts, disappointments and fears.

Laurence's dark head bent down to her. She saw a flash of white, even teeth in a thin, brown face. Laurie. Days and nights that had sung with his remembered words, his laugh, his moments of dear seriousness and tenderness. She was fifteen when she first knew that she loved him. She was bewildered and tremulously amused about it at first, because she'd known him all her short life. He was the boy who lived next door—or rather the young man—for he was nine whole years older than she. For three years she had to love him secretly, quivering with fear and pride lest any one should discover her feelings. He so filled all her mind, her thoughts, that there was nothing else but him. When she left school that summer her father and mother had asked her what she was going to do. Did she want to continue studying for anything? Would she sooner get a job? What would she like to plan for herself and her future?

She was vague and disinterested to the point where her mother said she ought to be ashamed of herself. That she was lazy and nothing good would come of her mooning around the place with not a thing in her head.

"You ought to be learning to support yourself. After all, Gill, your father isn't a young man and he's got the other children to consider."

"I know, mummy," she said vaguely, "I'll get a job."

"But what?"

"Oh, anything will do. Just a job."

"That's no way of starting out in life, Gill."

"Well, it isn't going to be my life, mummy. I'm going to get married."

"Married! What ever put such an idea into your head? Why, you're barely out of the nursery. I suppose," her mother smiled and ruffled Gill's soft blonde hair, "I suppose you're imagining yourself in love. Who is it?"

Resentfully, she'd known that her mother, dear and darling as she was, was only amused and her interest was but copy for an entertaining story to her father when he got home.

"Love!" she scoffed, "who said anything about love? I was talking about marriage—they're two (*Continued on page* 56)

Lillian Alling with the dog given her by Charlie Janze, a telegraph linesman in British Columbia. This Russian woman trekked from New York to the bleak shores of Alaska in an attempt to return to her native land

The Mystery Woman *of the* Northland

The Story of a Long Trail

By W. H. Bride

A WOMAN needs unusual courage and determination to set out alone on a 6,000 miles trek from New York to Alaska and Siberia with no more outfit than a few dollars and a stout iron bar as "protection against men."

Lillian Alling, a little Russian immigrant, had plenty of both. Alone among New York city's millions, she felt she could not stand the exile and nostalgia any longer. It was impossible to save enough from the pittance she earned at housework to buy a steamer ticket. Very well—she would walk. Wasn't she young, strong, and used to hard work?

Carefully this plucky little woman in rough clothes and heavy shawl studied maps, chose her route, hoarded her meagre savings. Once in Siberia, among her own people, she could arrange a passage from Vladivostok to her beloved steppes. Could she not hear the laughter of the peasants in the market place, the throb of the balalaikas as they sang and danced?

A winter view of the little group of cabins and shacks of Number Eight Post on the Yukon telegraph trail of the northern part of British Columbia. Jim Christie and Charlie Janze patrolled the rugged hills of this sector and Lillian Alling stayed and rested for three days at this post as the guest of these two linesmen

Scotty Ogilvie with his dogs. He lost his life whilst on a patrol looking for a fault in the wire and looking out, at the same time, for the Russian woman to help her on her journey

Cyril Tooley and Charlie Janze at Echo Lake. Tooley was stationed at this place with Scotty Ogilvie

Refusing all offers of lifts, she strode out along the concrete highways, heading for Chicago, Minneapolis, St. Paul—a small, lithe figure with knapsack on back. Then she struck the Yukon telegraph trail in northern British Columbia.

Travellers were rare in those parts, especially in late autumn. Imagine, therefore, the amazement of the linesman at the Second Cabin on the trail when the slight figure of a woman clad almost in rags confronted him in the doorway!

"She sure is travellin' light," the husky wire-snapper told Constable Wyman of the B.C. Provincial Police at Hazelton over the telephone. "Just ordinary running shoes—and her pack didn't look any too heavy, either. She left here just a while ago, and it looks bad over the 'hump' already."

The calendar on the wall said September, 1927. Already the mountain-tops were shrouded in mist; to venture into that uncharted wilderness was suicidal. Better go after her now and persuade her to return, he reflected. He found her on the trail, and back at Hazelton turned her over to Sergt. Service, the officer in charge of the detachment. The pathetic little figure stood before the desk, watching him with her dark, tragic eyes.

"Where are you headed for?" Service asked kindly.

"Siberia," she replied.

"Isn't it a little late to start out on such a trip?"

She pleaded desperately: "You must not stop. I am strong and can walk many miles before the snow comes. You cannot keep me back now!"

"When did you eat last?"

"I have money," she replied proudly.

The officer glanced at the tree-covered hills with their threat of snow and bitter weather, and made up (*Continued on page* 54)

Uncle George Joins the

THE very senior officer looked across the table at the tall spare man lounging in the chair opposite him and smiled wryly.

"I'm sorry, George," he said, "but you don't seem to realize that flying is a very different thing to what it was in our young days. Why, machines nowadays land faster than we could ever fly in the last show. It's a young man's game, George, and you're not a young man."

George Harley sat up in his chair; his piercing blue eyes flashed.

"That's rubbish!" he snorted. "Why, I'm only a shade over fifty, and anyway, a man is only as old as he feels. Besides, do you think that I sold my cattle farm and traipsed all the way back to England just to be told that I'm too old? Just give me one of your youngsters and a couple of horses, and I guarantee that I would have him begging for mercy before we had spent six hours in the saddle!"

The other man shook his head. "I'm sorry, but that's the position. Of course, we would be very glad to have you as a squadron administration officer. A lot of the old hands are doing that job, you know, and at least you are living with the pilots and sharing their mess life."

George sighed. "Well, if that's the best you can do, Alec, so be it. Remind me to do *you* a bad turn some day."

As the door closed the very senior officer spoke to his *aide*. "As soon as the medical board has passed him fit, arrange to have Mr. Harley gazetted as squadron leader, and post him to that new fighter squadron that is just being formed. And don't grin, my boy," he finished. "That man taught me to fly, and he's force-landed more times than you've been airborne."

AND thus it was that a few weeks later Squadron Leader Harley, M.C., D.F.C. and bar, still feeling a little strange in his new uniform, found himself standing in the hall-way of the mess at a south coast aerodrome.

Just when he was wondering what happened next, the swing doors flew open to admit a very charming and competent-looking young woman in the uniform of a flight officer.

She stopped and gave George a friendly grin. "Posted here?" she asked.

Things *have* changed, all right, George thought. This is something I shall have to get used to—women in the mess!

Aloud he said: "Yes, I—I am. My name's Harley."

The girl gripped his outstretched hand firmly. "I'm Pam Winter, but all the types around here call me Bill—Lord knows why. Come and have some tea; the rest of the wolves will be around in a minute and there won't be anything left except a stray crumb or two. I suppose you're joining the new squadron—nine-ninety? They're all trickling in in ones and twos; they look a wizard crowd too . . ."

A very bewildered George allowed himself to be led into tea, wondering precisely what "type" and "wizard" meant. But he didn't have much time for reflection, for the next moment the door of the dining-room burst open and the table was besieged by a crowd of noisy youngsters, the eldest of whom, a tall, fair flight lieutenant, wearing the D.F.C. ribbon, appeared to George to be no older than twenty-three. Instinctively, George liked him.

As soon as every one had sat down he called for silence.

"Gentlemen, I have an announcement to make. Our C.O. has been posted to us—I've just had the signal. Harley is his name—D.F.C. and bar."

"That's me," said George automatically, and then the room started to do a crazy step-dance. C.O. of the squadron! Of course, there had been a mistake. He must tell them——

Then the devil entered George Harley's soul. He was suddenly carried back twenty-six years to the little château at Clancy. It had been just like this—tea-time, and the orderly had come in with the message: "Captain Harley to take over command of the squadron—promoted to temporary major!" Lord, he was just twenty-two then, and at that moment he didn't feel a day older. So he was too old to fly, eh? Well, I'll give them a run for their money, George decided. After all, the mistake might not be discovered for weeks.

He suddenly realized that the tall flight lieutenant was standing beside him, smiling. "I just want to say that we're very pleased to have you with us, sir. I'm the senior flight commander, and you can take over from me whenever it's convenient to you. Lawson's my name."

Feeling very much like a guilty schoolboy, George stood up, not knowing quite what to say. "I think," he said at last, smiling, "that if it's not too early this calls for a very large drink all round."

Lawson grinned. "Well," he said, "mess rules are that the bar opens at six, but the station commander is on leave, so that makes you acting station C.O. So if you wish the bar to open——"

A gust of laughter filled the room. Better and better, thought George. That would help to keep the Air Ministry at bay. He

JUST when he was wondering what happened next, the swing doors flew open to admit a very charming and competent-looking young woman in the uniform of a flight officer

R.A.F.

A Man is as Old as he Feels—but is his Real Age when Pilot of a Spitfire

By Ronald Cocking

wondered how long it would be before the C.O. returned; he must find out as soon as possible. Meanwhile, this was wonderful!

"I declare the bar open," he said. "Waiter! Beers all round!"

By dinner time George was undisputed mess champion at shove-ha'penny and "Uncle George" to every one. By listening intently to casual scraps of conversation he had gleaned the general lay-out of the squadron, and knew every pilot by name. At dinner he was seated next to Bill again.

She looked at him with a new respect in her dark eyes. "Why didn't you tell me you were the new C.O.?" she demanded. "I thought you were an administrative type. You see, most of the fighter C.O.s are pretty youthful. But anyway, I think you're a pretty good type, Uncle George."

George had the good grace to blush. "Thank you, dear lady, for those very kind words. And I think that you're a very good type too. Now, if you'll excuse me, I will go along to my quarters and get moved in."

But first of all he found his way to the intelligence office, and came away with all the notes on tactics that he could find. Then he walked down to the dispersal bays, and with the aid of a torch climbed into the cockpit of one of the Spitfires—*my* Spitfires, thought George, with a thrill of pride, for a little while at any rate.

But the mass of gadgets in the cockpit appalled him. He was able to pick out the essentials—throttle lever, revolution indicator, gun-firing button, engine switches; but that left a maze of levers and dials of which he hadn't the slightest idea of their function.

Rather depressed, he picked up his papers and made his way back to the billet. There, he found that one of the previous occupants had left behind a book called *Modern Aircraft and Aero-engines*. George lit his pipe and settled down to some really hard work.

It was almost daybreak when he finally went to bed, feeling a good deal better about the whole thing. Tactics hadn't changed much, at any rate. You still aimed to get into the sun so that your opponent couldn't see you; close formation was as important as ever. The only thing seemed to be that everything happened so much quicker. The book he had found very valuable; it had initiated him into the intricacies of "boost" and "mixture control," the use of flaps and retractable undercarriages, and he felt that the next time that he sat in the cockpit of a Spitfire it wouldn't be quite so terrifying. "Well," decided George before he went to sleep, "I can only die once—and I've had a good innings."

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ALBERT BAILEY

IT was still early the next morning when he walked down to the squadron office with Lawson, trying to look as if he had done the same every morning for the past four years

It was still early the next morning when he walked down to the squadron office with Lawson, trying to look as if he had done the same thing every morning for the past four years. Petrol trailers were rolling around the perimeter refuelling aircraft, while the air was heavy with the thunderous roar of thousand-horse-power engines being warmed up.

"Done much flying lately, sir?" Lawson asked casually.

"We-ell, no," George replied. He wondered what the other's reaction would be if he told him that the last entry in his log book bore the date 1919.

"Instrument flying?" Lawson went on.

"Nothing much," George admitted.

"Well, sir, I suggest that you run around once or twice in the Tiger Moth on your own, then I will come up with you in the advanced trainer—that handles like a Spit., you know. After you feel quite happy in that then you can have a crack at a Spit. I know how it is when you haven't flown for a month or two—I recently spent about six months on the deck, and when I went up again I never thought that I was coming down in one piece."

"Yes," said George, hoarsely. Six months! And it was twenty-four years since he had sat at the controls of an aircraft.

"Look, Lawson," he began. "I—I think that——"

"Yes, sir?"

Dammit, I won't be beaten, George said to himself furiously. "Oh, nothing. I suppose that you've already got out a training programme?"

"Well, yes, but it's subject to your approval, of course. You see, the squadron is supposed to be operational in four days' time. Most of the chaps are pretty experienced, of course, but I think it would be a good idea for them to get in some more gunnery practice and formation flying, don't you? Either you or I can test them on that."

"Well, I'll leave that to you at the moment," George said hurriedly. "Meanwhile, I would like to have a flip around in the Moth if you would have it got ready." George hoped that his voice sounded casual enough.

But his mouth felt very dry when he finally got himself strapped into the Moth and waved away the chocks. Very cautiously he taxied around the perimeter track on to the runway.

"Well, here goes!" he said to himself as he pushed the throttle forward.

The runway started to race towards him, and then the machine swung to the left. He kicked on right rudder, over-corrected and swung in the opposite direction. Then he was airborne—a bit shakily perhaps, but he was in the air; the motor was roaring sweetly and the wind was whipping against his face. He throttled back to cruising speed and climbed.

At three thousand feet he levelled out and swung the machine around in steep turns, getting the feel of the controls. Then he throttled back and put the machine into a spin, pulling the stick back, crossing the controls, and waiting for the moment when the controls went useless after the stall. Coming out of the spin and satisfied at last, he came in to land.

Taking no chances, he started his approach from a thousand feet, lining the aircraft up with the runway in good time, then concentrating on keeping the gliding speed steady. Now the fence was rushing up towards him, and he gave a gentle burst of throttle. Almost he could hear his instructor that time he made his first nervous approach. "Don't look out straight ahead—watch the ground ahead sideways, at an angle of 45°. Right, start to hold off *now*!" The Moth floated down to a gentle three-point landing. George taxied in, wiping the sweat from his forehead with a gloved hand.

"Kite okay, sir?" asked the fitter.

"Fine!" said George. "Wizard, in fact." Must remember that word, George thought.

Lawson was waiting for him, grinning cheerfully. "Well, you've got the Moth buttoned up okay, sir. Like to come up in the advanced trainer now?"

"When does the station commander come back from leave, by the way?" George asked.

"In about a week, I think." (*Continued on page* 53)

On Duty and Off

Beauty-parlour frills have gone, but, thank goodness, the basic treatments continue. You no longer get nail-varnish or perfumed hair frictions, but you can still get scalp treatments, specialised manicure and facials which are the same as they were before the war, except for the prices charged. If you could see the letters I get, you would think that there was not an ounce of make-up or a beauty treatment to be had in all the country from Land's End to John o' Groat's. I have already told you about available cosmetics, and now I am going to tell you about available beauty treatments. If you want the actual names and addresses, write and say so, and please remember the stamped and addressed envelope. The list I have made up for your address book includes provincial as well as London addresses.

By Jane Gordon

THE most famous beauty specialist in the world has her London headquarters in Bond Street, so I telephoned there to ask not only about London treatments and wartime prices, but also about treatments available in the provinces. I was told that she has permanent assistants quartered at the big stores in Edinburgh, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Liverpool, Chester and Oxford. I have the actual addresses of the stores if you want to know them. The treatments given are, of course, exactly the same as those given in Bond Street, and include the Muscle-Strapping treatment, which lasts fifty minutes and costs 17s. 6d., the Masque treatment, price 25s., which lasts for one hour. Various Masques are given, according to the need of the client. Then there is the Firmo Lift. This treatment is particularly good for older women or those who have had a severe illness, as it reconditions the muscles and remoulds the contour of the face. The price of each treatment is 30s. You can have a course of any of these facials, which works out at six treatments for the price of five. Superfluous hair is removed, and the prices charged are 5s. 6d. for the upper lip and 9s. for the lip and chin.

The headquarters of one of the best-known English specialists is in South Molton Street. The preparations sold and the treatments given are all designed for Englishwomen—the very young, the grown-up and the mature. This specialist also has permanent assistants in Glasgow, Edinburgh and Birmingham. Leicester is visited once a month, for a week at a time, and there is a new provincial programme which will shortly be available. The full treatment lasts an hour and costs a guinea. A shorter treatment, with make-up, costs 15s. Then there is the wartime, half-hour treatment, price 10s. 6d., or you can get a clean and make-up, for 5s. 6d. There is a very long treatment, which includes a mask and toning, and costs 25s. The wax-depilatory treatment costs 4s. 6d. for the upper lip, lip and chin 7s. 6d., and if the legs need treatment the price is 22s. 6d. below the knees only. I have also found a most practical beauty salon where they really take a great personal interest in your all-over beauty problems. Here you can get a shampoo and set for 6s., special rinses for 7s. 6d., foam bath and massage for 15s. 6d., or a course of seven treatments, the first being a foam bath and the remaining six massage and exercises: the whole course is £3 10s. Practical hair styles, tinting and, permanent waving are also to be found here, and, believe it or not, you can get evening appointments.

WAR work can ruin hands beyond repair, and it is just plain silly to allow your own hands to become old and ugly on duty. There is a new soap-and-water substitute which is well worth knowing about. A two-ounce jar costs 4s. 3d., including tax. If your hands are rough, red or chapped, use this during the day instead of washing with soap and water, and you will find that the skin becomes soft and white in no time at all. No matter how dirty your hands may be, this preparation will clean them, and all you need is a rag or a towel to wipe off the cream after you have rubbed it in well.

You can get the most efficient home-treatment set for 10s. It includes (1) a nail ointment which strengthens the nails and keeps the cuticles in good condition; (2) a hand cream for night use; and (3) a hand lotion for day use. A complete chart is also supplied which tells you how to keep your nails healthy, as well as the cause of all the common nail and cuticle troubles, and describes in detail every form of home treatment for the nails and hands. The expert who markets this home-treatment set also has a salon in Bond Street, where you can get full-length hand-and-nail treatment for 10s. 6d.

There are two American hair specialists who are world-famous. Their establishments are to be found in every city throughout the States, in all the capitals of the world, and in New York alone each one has more than twenty different addresses where their specialised treatments are given. In London to-day both these treatments still exist. The shampoos are far and away superior to those of the ordinary hairdresser. One method includes ointment, a special Castile soap and a herb rinse. The routine begins with ointment, which is rubbed along various partings of the hair, followed by a thorough scalp massage. This is the only shampoo where a sponge is actually used to apply the soap; and the hair is rinsed in herb-water which looks like weak tea. Warm towels are used for the hand-drying. This treatment is wonderful for dry and brittle hair. Wartime prices are 10s. 6d. single treatment; £2 7s. 6d. for a course of five; or £4 14s. 6d. for a course of ten treatments.

In the other American method, a slightly different routine is used. The hair is first lightly combed with a small composition tooth-comb to loosen any trace of dandruff. A large mug filled with soapy water and a long-handled nail-brush are then brought into play, and the brush is used to rub the soapy water along various partings on the scalp. Next, the scalp is shampooed with the utmost (*Continued on page* 65)

BOTH

IF plans and promises materialise, the post-war house will be an Arcadian refuge of ease and comfort for the housewife of to-morrow.

This is as it should be, but if would be a pity if, in our enthusiasm for the new, we lose sight of the sterling qualities which belong to the past.

Whatever we may decide to discard in favour of the new design and equipment of the home, we cannot overlook the fact that the decoration of the past had many things which will endure wherever the merits of design and workmanship are understood

Can we, in our plans for the home of to-morrow, combine the best of both worlds and form a working partnership between the utilitarian inventions of to-day and the more æsthetic principles of the past?

It should be possible for those whose loyalties are divided between the beauty of the old world and the practical utility of the new to effect a compromise.

This was, in fact, being done more and more often, before the war brought all such experiments to a close. In large houses and in small, successful marriages of both worlds had been taking place with the happiest results.

The secret of a successful union lies in careful compromise. Old furniture in a new setting, or new furniture in an old one, is quite possible, but the two should not be combined casually.

Choosing suitable period furniture for a modern house should be done with an eye to the size and shape of the rooms, as much as to personal preference for this and that particular style or period.

Large, heavy and highly-ornate pieces of antique furniture obviously do not fit in too well against a modern background, unless it happens to be an unusually spacious one.

Far more adaptable to rooms of average size which mingle a modern and a period character in one are

Sitting-room in a modern bungalow which has been equipped with every latest device for comfort, as well as equipment for labour-saving, but furnished with the gracious perfection of the traditional

The kitchen, shown above, dissociates itself completely from the old world. Bathrooms, like kitchens, must be uncompromisingly modern. This one is proof that an up-to-date bathroom can be part of a house of which the décor is predominantly old-world

Another view of the room shown on the right of this page, where the atmosphere of mellow antiquity has been so sensibly combined with the practical comfort and equipment of the modern age

WORLDS

the gracefully-wrought pieces of Chippendale, Sheraton and Queen Anne styles.

These, of course, were always pricy, and have become even more so, but the best kind of reproduction furniture—now, of course, not being made—were often works of art of which anyone could be proud. Undoubtedly, the reproduction craftsmen will be operating again when the war is over.

A good example of the successful alliance of the antique with the utilitarian features of a modern bungalow is pictured on this page.

Throughout the house, plain cream stucco walls make the background for the charming old furniture which, though of varying periods and styles, is all carefully balanced in relation to its background.

Small but beautiful pictures and some pieces of old china decorate the walls. Colouring is soft, and a careful simplicity has been maintained throughout each scheme.

The domestic quarters of this house have, however, thrown tradition to the winds. The kitchen is frankly modern, with every device for easy labour, comfort and efficiency. The same applies to the bathroom and, in fact, throughout the house wherever practical needs predominate. Good modern cupboards, adequate storage space—every concession to comfort is catered for.

Other pictures on these pages show a reversal of the bungalow plan. The traditional type of cottage is shown in combination with furniture and equipment which, again, embraces the best principles of past and present. Antique furniture is used for effect; modern chairs and beds and other up-to-date features meet all the needs of comfort.

In neither case has the combination proved awkward in appearance or in fact, but proves beyond doubt that a practical, beautiful result can be achieved by combining the best of both worlds.

View from the hall of the bungalow, built according to the very latest conceptions of comfort and furnished with the beauteous things of the past

In contrast to the bungalow (top, left), the house here shown is old and mellow. The furnishing is in harmony, but makes a practical concession to modern standards of comfort by including chairs and beds and other features of the latest design

Interpolated, as it were, into the charms of the traditional in furnishing is the practical good sense of a cupboard feature like this. There is accommodation for clothes, shoes and hats, with a dressing-table thrown in

Wardrobes diminish in size, improve in quality. After three years of rationing, women have learned to live-and-like-it around a few careful clothes, chosen to stand the test, not only of time, but of the inclination to go on wearing them. On the one hand, everything is simplified when you have only "my red" or "my new herringbone" to consider. On the other hand, monotony may set in unless you plan selectively on interchangeable lines, and conjure, cleverly, with your repertoire of collars, bows, dickeys, accessories. The designers are seeing to it that the clothes you buy to-day are basically simple, yield fair wear and tear, change little in line and style from year to year. For your part, look after them; watch your depilatories or dress shields; brush after each wearing; press often; keep them spick. Golden rule: always change into something else when you get home.

DRESS:

BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor Women's Department

1. Crisp jumper suit in two tones of linweave. The tailored jacket has a lowish, well-defined waist, two large flapped pockets; the skirt has a narrow inverted box pleat back and front. Dereta Utility model in pink and navy, gold/black, donkey/black, emerald/black. 64s. 3d.

2. All-wool jersey dress with an open or closed collar, flat hipline pockets, unpressed skirt pleats. A Wolsey Utility model in many colours, including pastels (pink, blue, turquoise); brights (red, blue, gold, green); basics (brown and navy). Approximate price, 48s.

3. Lightweight woollen suit, tailored on smooth, elegant lines. The skirt has an inverted pleat front and back, the jacket carries subtle darting at waist, fine rounded seaming detail at back, two pockets. A Dereta Utility model in blue, tan, hazel, green and black. 82s. 2d.

4. Topcoat, classically cut in herringbone West of England cloth, with handsome shoulders and revers, a half-belt and pleat at back. Harella Utility model in tones of grey, green, brown and blue. 90s. 9d.

These clothes will be available in varying sizes at leading London and provincial stores this month. Supplies of these particular numbers are naturally limited, but you will usually be able to obtain similar models by the same designers.

BOUND WAISTCOAT

MATERIALS

2 ozs. pale green, 3 ozs. dark green Lister's "Lavenda" 3-ply; No. 3 and No. 11 needles; 6 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.

TENSION

8 st. and 9 rows to 1 in.

THE BACK

With No. 11 needles and dark green wool cast on 105 st. Work 10 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib. Change to No. 3 needles and work pattern as follows:

1st row.—(Right side of work.) * k. 1, wl. fwd. as if to p. S. 1 (purlwise), wl. back; repeat from * to end, ending k. 1.

2nd row.—* S. 1 (knitwise), wl. fwd., p. 1, take wool to back and repeat from * to end of row, ending s. 1.

3rd row.—Change colour of wool and work as first row. Repeat 2nd and 3rd rows so that wool is changed every time 3rd row is worked (every other row).

Work 4 ins., including rib, and then cast on 2 st. at beg. of next 2 rows (this keeps pattern the same). Now work 6 rows without increasing. Continue in this manner until there are 137 st. Work straight until side seams are 13 ins. from casting-on. Now cast off 10 st. at beg. of next 2 rows. Now k. 2 tog. twice at beg. and end of every row for 7 more rows (89 st.). Work straight until armholes are 10 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 st. at beg. of every row 12 times, leaving 41 st. Cast off.

(*Continued on page* 66)

ABBREVIATIONS

K.=knit; P.=purl; M.=make; S.=slip; St.=stitch or stitches; Tog.=together; Beg.=beginning; Wl Fwd.=wool forward.

YOKED JERSEY

MATERIALS

4 ozs. Paton's Beehive Fingering 2-ply in gold; 1 oz. of the same in grey; No. 9 needles.

MEASUREMENTS

Round bust, 34 ins.; length, 20 ins.; sleeve seam, 4 ins.

TENSION

(In the rib) 8 st. and 12 rows to 1 in.

THE FRONT

Cast on 103 st. in gold. Work the following pattern:

1st row.—* K. 1, s. 1, k. 1, p. 2; repeat from * to end of row, ending k. 1, s. 1, k. 1.

2nd row.—* P. 1, s. 1, p. 1, k. 2; repeat from * to end, ending p. 1, s. 1, p. 1.

3rd row.—As 1st.

4th row.—Purl. Repeat these 4 rows.

When there are 5 ins. worked, m. 1 st. at beg. and end of every 4th row until there are 133 st. Work straight until side seams are 14 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every row until there are 103 st. With right side facing, work 51 st. Join in grey and k. 1, rib 51 in gold.

Next row.—Rib 50 st. in gold. P. 3 grey, rib 50 in gold.

Next row.—Rib 49 in gold, k. 5 grey, rib 49 gold.

Continue to work 2 extra st. in grey on every row, and keep all grey st. in stocking st., twisting wools at change of colour to avoid gaps. When there are only 33 st. left at beg. and end of row in gold, work all grey stocking st. until armholes are 8 ins. round curve. Cast off 6 st. at beg. of every row 10 times, leaving 43 st. Cast off.

THE BACK

Work as front until grey yoke starts. Then when there are 3 st. in grey, (*Continued on page* 66)

WATCH YOUR SHADOW

YOU can watch your face in a mirror; you can have some sort of an eye-view of practically every part of your body, and yet it is almost impossible for you to keep an eye on your posture. Only your shadow can see it—apart from all the world, of course—and your shadow mocks your faults in a crude, following caricature.

So watch your shadow. If it looks humped, sway-backed or ugly, check up on your muscles, joints and balance. Not only can incorrect posture ruin your appearance; it can sadly affect your health.

Hissing-goose might be the name of a general bad-posture fault, as the head is jutted forward, due either to short-sightedness, a sedentary job that calls for head-forward concentration or a forward-pressing, walking posture.

Sometimes the chin is down and sometimes up, but the whole position puts a tax on back muscles and nerves that is injurious to your system.

The line through ears, shoulders and hips should be perfectly straight

The bust-proud sticks the chest forward, straining the diaphragm muscles, so that the lower lungs are compressed and breath liable to stay in the expanded upper lungs. The spine may be strained by this posture, which frequently results in a sway-back attitude, the spine being drawn in at the back waistline and the hips stuck out.

The bust-conscious, in the reverse to this posture, tries to hide a bosom that may be a little large, by hunching shoulders forward and pressing bust back as far as possible, and in so doing putting a strong brake on the air-intake of the lungs.

The pelvic sag is the next ugly stance. This may be caused by weakness, but is just as often laziness or lack of thought. The stomach protrudes slightly and the hips jut out at the back. The body doubtless feels as though it is walking or standing with elegance, but it is merely a fine example of a sway-back.

The perfect posture is a straight, balanced poise. The line through the ears, shoulders and hips should be straight; the head should be held erect, chin in and back; the breasts should be held up. The stretch should in no way bend the spine, but merely pull at the waist, so that the diaphragm seems to have the weight of the shoulders and chest taken off it slightly. This will allow the waist to be more noticeable and will lessen any spare-tyre tendency.

The pelvis should be tilted forward slightly, so that the tail is tucked in and the stomach held in. Shoulders and knees should be straight. This posture is the most graceful for appearances: it is youthful, poised and makes the best of the worst figure. When sitting, the line should be just the same as when standing, except that the hips and knees are flexed.

If you can visit London, it would be easy for you to have a posture lesson from one of the good-figure beauty salons: there you would be told how you were reacting to these instructions, and if you were actually holding yourself perfectly.

If not, however, you must rely on your own feel of your posture, on posture exercises and on someone in the family who will co-operate and tell you if you are in line. One of the best controls is the habit (from childhood, if mother is wise) of lying straight and relaxed on the floor for ten minutes every day—after a meal is a good time. This gives your spine a strengthening rest.

Another excellent posture guide is the age-old one of walking around the room with a fairly large book resting and balancing on the top of your head.

WHAT CAN

Because of war conditions, hair problems apparently overwhelm women, and their letters asking for advice overwhelm us. Hair goes prematurely grey; it is thinning; the ends break; it gets quickly greasy, is overdry or in other ways unmanageable. So we have assembled typical inquiries from readers, embracing the most general hair worries. If yours is among them, we shall be happy to send you a routine or advice to suit your needs. Please write to Chrysis, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, No. 1, New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

Long hair is greatly stimulated by brushing, because each stroke of the brush pulls through the long hair and tugs at the roots, thus stimulating the scalp. Frequently, with short hair, the brushing has little of this tug-stimulation.

All short hair, therefore, should have massage of the scalp—firm fingers kneading the scalp upwards towards the centre crown from the base of the scalp and the temples and the front hair-line. The scalp should be moved and made to glow.

Do it by the clock; arms and hands tire so quickly that you are apt to say "five minutes" when in reality it has only been one-and-a-half. Massage and then brush. If you are in any job which necessitates wearing a hat or cap most of the day, massage your scalp for one minute at least every morning and then five at night. The evening massage can be slower and perhaps a little gentler.

Shampoo your hair once a fortnight, and in rain-water if possible. When the summer sunshine is here for drying, use it and forgo the setting until the hair has been first dried in the sun, spread out on a brimmed, but crownless, old hat. Afterwards re-damp and set, if you have to.

I DO ABOUT MY Hair?

1. It used to be my best feature, but now it is losing its colour and all lights, and is drab and lifeless and very difficult to manage. Of course, I brush it regularly.

2. Once I had a lovely head of hair, but now it is getting thinner, so that I am afraid to brush and comb it in case more comes out. Is it because it is spring, or am I going bald gradually?

3. Since the beginning of last year I have noticed more and more short white hairs coming in my head. They are now getting very noticeable and make me feel much older; I am only thirty-three.

4. I used to have a little dandruff on my scalp, but now it is much worse and very noticeable immediately after I have washed my hair. My sister also has dandruff, but hers is of a thicker, more clinging type.

5. Lately all the ends of my hair are breaking. I wear it in a long bob; it is very thick and easy to do, but the ends are just splitting and I do not know what to do.

6. I wear it in a short bob, but now I have decided to let it grow, and it seems to take years to grow even half an inch. Can I make it grow quickly? It is quite thick, but seems stationary.

7. I wash it every week, but it gets greasy as soon as I brush it and is greasy very soon after washing. As it is fair and fine, this means that it gets dark very quickly as the grease darkens it.

8. Since I have had a permanent wave my hair seems to be very dry and fuzzy. Before it was fine and silky, but now I cannot do anything with it. I do not like putting oil on it even.

9. I am thirty-five. My colouring was a light ash-blonde, but lately my hair has gone very dark. Can I get it lighter in any way, and would it hurt to bleach it a little? It is quite dry now.

10. Lately I have noticed tiny round patches of baldness on my scalp, and I am very worried about it. Will the patches get bigger and gradually cover my head, or can I re-grow the hair?

BREATH-TAKING

HOW did you breathe a minute ago? Did your breastbone rise and fall, indicating a shallow, top-lung, breathing habit, or did your lower ribs expand, in proof that your breath went deep and did good work? You can add energy to your day's work by breathing correctly. The air thoroughly cleanses your bloodstream if it goes deep into your lungs, and a cleansed bloodstream clears out the body's toxins.

●

Breathing is so much a habit that if you do a few breathing exercises regularly each morning your lungs may get the habit of functioning correctly. Place your hands on your diaphragm, and breathe in—you should be able to feel the ribs expand.

Shoulders should never move upwards, nor should the upper chest rise and fall with each breath. But the lower back ribs should be moving outwards with each breath—place your hands on your back and see if they do.

●

There are two types of breathing exercise in which you should be informed: the ordinary, deep-breathing exercise that lets the air down into the recesses of the lungs and does a thorough blood-cleansing job, and the more unusual breathing exercises that teach the lungs control—exercises that singers learn, so that the air will not hurricane out of their lungs and deflate before the top note is finished.

You should do both, but the rhythmic penetrating breathing exercise is the best for cleansing the bloodstream. There is little to learn: merely rest the hands lightly over the lower ribs to make sure that the breath is penetrating, and then take in five full, deep breaths till lungs feel like bursting, hold for a second, and release to the count of five. If you want to strengthen your lungs so that they will expand further, send to us for specialised breathing exercises.

SUMMER HOLIDAYS FOR WINTER WOOLLIES

WHATEVER happens to your own holiday this year, winter woollens must still be dispatched for a summer period of rest and recuperation.

Putting away warm clothes and blankets for the months ahead is an important duty now that difficulties of replacement make it so imperative that they should reappear ready for another season of usefulness.

Clothes headed for a summer holiday should be carefully washed before they depart. Dirt rots the fibres of wool and attracts moths.

Wash jumpers and woolly underclothes in warm, soapy water. Dry and air them thoroughly so that no hint of damp shall encourage mould. Repair holes and worn parts and fold each garment neatly. Wrap them in paper either separately or in small parcels and arrange flat on shelves or in drawers which have been thoroughly purged of dust. Put some camphor balls or other moth discouragers among the folds of the materials.

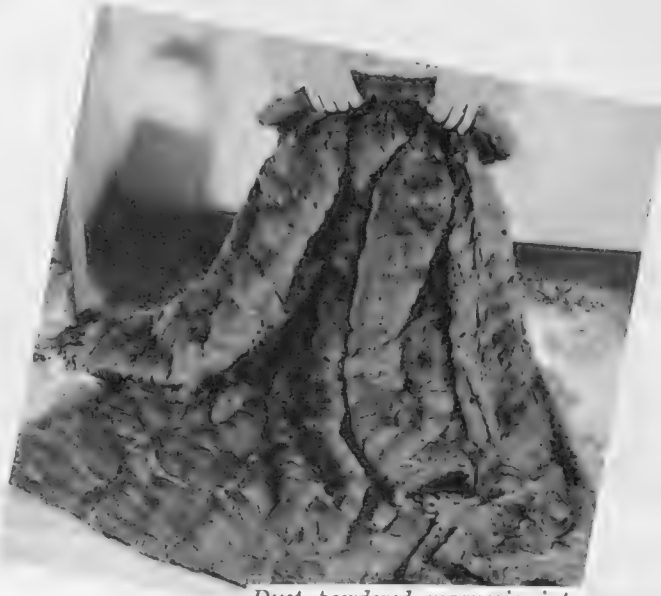
Blankets should be cleaned or washed before their summer vacation. If they are not sufficiently dirty for this, take them into the garden on a sunny day, shake them thoroughly to remove the loose dust, and leave them hanging on the clothes-line for an hour or two.

Later, fold them very neatly. Large squares of butter muslin, which is coupon-free, are suitable as an outside wrapping to prevent dirt from collecting at the folded edges. Clear a cool, dry cupboard and arrange the blankets in piles with moth balls in between.

Woollen dresses and coats should go to the cleaners before starting the summer vacation. Butter muslin bags which cover the garment completely are worth making for light colour garments which soil easily. Hang them in a cupboard, not too tightly packed if you have space to spare, so that air circulates freely about them.

Every few weeks during the summer take dresses and coats into the garden and hang them in the air for an hour or so. Sun is the best enemy of moth.

Furs need special preparation for going away. Dust the surface of the fur with powdered magnesia, beat lightly with a cane and shake thoroughly in the open. Wrap in tissue-paper, or, in the case of long coats which are not going into storage, put them into mothbags which can still occasionally be found at the big stores.



Dust powdered magnesia into your fur coat and beat it out with a cane. Shake thoroughly before packing away with moth balls

It has never been more important to store winter woollies in such a way that they will emerge from their summer vacation with their appearance and usefulness unimpaired

Shake blankets in the open and leave them hanging on the clothes line for an hour or two before storing away. A clean, stiff brush will restore the fluffiness which has been spoiled by use

Woolly jumpers and coats neatly folded for their summer holiday are best wrapped in a clean cloth, or separately in paper, before putting away

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen

IT is one of the many strange twists of war that a Falmouth solicitor, married and with two sons, should become "the Nelson of the Navy's little ships"—D.S.O. and bar, D.S.C. and two bars—leading a dogged little force against E-boats in enemy waters. That was the destiny of Lieutenant-Commander Robert Hichens who, before a chance shot laid him low, left us a splendid record of his R.N.V.R. days and exploits: "**We Fought Them in Gunboats**" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.). Rear-Admiral Hugh Hext Rogers, his chief and a relative by marriage, says he had quiet ways and a quiet voice, but had developed a cold courage that took a lot of beating; he hardly ever made a mistake in action, though he took on unbelievable odds, and once—fired on from all sides, blinded by tracer and star shell close to the enemy coast—stopped to pick up survivors from a blazing gunboat at grave risk, and then apologized to his captain for doing so. Like most men of action, Hichens writes simply, unaffectedly, and with a directness that enables us to live what he is describing. His book, among the best the war has produced, gives us a vivid close-up of life in these dashing little craft which undertake such hazardous missions.

WE have no excuse for forgetting what merchant seamen have done for us during the past four years—and at what cost. In "**The Merchant Navy at War**" (Stanley Paul, 12s. 6d.) Captain Frank H. Shaw estimates that 120,000 have either lost their lives or had them jeopardized by enemy action, assuming a loss of 20,000,000 tons of shipping—4,000 vessels averaging 5,000 tons each and a crew of thirty officers and men. He is angry about past conditions, but admits that they have been improved during the war by shipowners and the Ministry of War Transport, and suggests that there should be a post-war Merchant Navy Legion on British Legion lines to safeguard the men's interests. Ordeals at sea are described graphically, even rhetorically at times; for Captain Shaw, master of sea fiction, does not favour understatement when he is recounting sea facts; he burns with a message and flogs us with words to make sure we heed it this time.

ANOTHER zealot who burned with a message was Dr. Thomas John Barnardo who, starting without influence or patronage, rescued 60,000 destitute children, raised £3,500,000 for them in forty years' earnest work, and gave them cottage homes. As a young medical student from Dublin, he became interested in Ragged School work in Stepney, opened one himself in an old donkey stable—rent, 2s. 6d. a week—and was led to his lifework by an urchin who, lingering by the fire one evening, asked if he might stay, as he had no parents, no home, and slept in a market hay cart. The story of his mission work among the waifs of the streets, of Lord Shaftesbury's interest, and the founding of Barnardo's first home in Stepney Causeway with the sign "No Destitute Child Ever Refused Admission" is told by his personal secretary, Mr. A. E. Williams, in "**Barnardo of Stepney**" (Allen & Unwin, 12s. 6d.), an inspiring tribute to a great social reformer.

CHARLES II's "BABYFACE"

KING'S mistresses will interest us to the end of time. I have been absorbed by Miss Margaret Gilmour's "**The Great Lady**" (John Long, 16s.), a biography of the temptestuous red-head, Barbara Villiers, Countess of Castlemaine, who bore Charles II the children he could not get from his Portuguese Queen Katherine, pillaged the Privy Purse, and became a virago of Court and political intrigue. It was an age of revels and rivalries punctuated by Plague and Fire and the guns of the Dutch ships in the Thames. Charles, pestered for patronage, would tell a crony tipsily: "I don't know. You'll have to ask the King." In chapel the minister would roar at the Duke of Lauderdale: "My Lord, don't snore so loud, you'll wake the King!" For a wager, rakes like Sackville and Sedley would run through the town "rolling drunk and as naked as they were born." Barbara would cajole, plot, storm, even attempt to strangle Nell Gwynne with a table-napkin, while Pepys made notes, raving about her beauty.

It is all here—the "prodigious ingratitudes, burning lusts, dissolute Court, profane and abominable lives," as a contemporary wrote—presented in lively detail, with a spirited irony. What a reign! What a crew! But what a treasure of a story. . . .

WHAT worlds away from the little Barnardo children seem Mr. Walter de la Mare's "**Collected Rhymes and Verses**" (Faber, 12s. 6d.), whose fragrance and fantasy evoke visions of walled gardens and enchanted nurseries! Yet I should like to think that this exquisite collection, comprising 260 pages of "Songs of Childhood," "Peacock Pie," "Bells and Grass," and other pieces, had a place on the Cottage Home shelves, that "Nobody's Children" might enjoy things like "The Window":—

(*Continued on page 64*)

Wren radio mechanics testing receivers in the radio workshop. At one naval air station in particular eighty-six per cent of the radio personnel consists of Wrens

A Wren parachute packer and two sailors helping a pilot to collect his parachute after a test. Wrens man the parachute-packing department under the supervision of a Wren officer. This is a specialized job and girls must have very strong hands and wrists

Women of the Fleet Air Arm

By Wilma Buckley

ROYAL NAVAL AIR STATION—green flying fields; camouflaged runways; hangars filled with the commotion of revved-up engines—control room, quiet nerve centre of the cyclone; "snag patch" where planes whose radios fail to function come down for repairs-while-you-wait; air-gunners' school, tap-tapping of Morse messages, pilots' voices coming over the air on the radio-telephones—parachute-packing room, where hang the great silken cascades looking for all the world like ballroom chandeliers in dust covers, yet breath-takingly significant in their implication; officers' mess or wardroom, gathering place of a miscellany, Royal Navy, Royal Marines, R.N.R., "Wavy Navy," American pilots — and everywhere, wherever you go, Wrens and Wren officers and Wrens again.

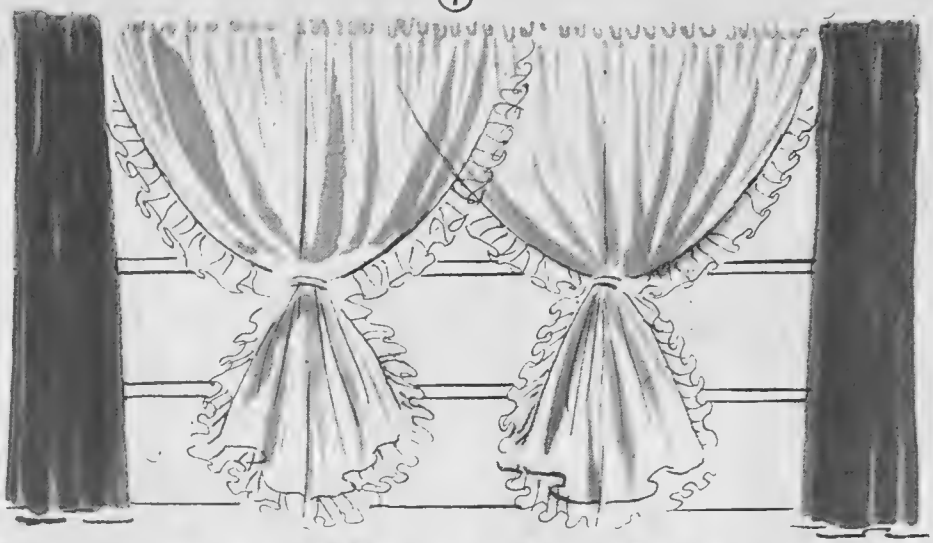
Decentralization, dispersal, scattering (call it what you will) is the principle of every air station to-day. Wrens are quartered in requisitioned houses dotted about the not-too-adjacent countryside; some—those who may be needed for operational duties at any hour of day or night—actually on the spot in quarters of their own, still some distance from the flying fields. Enviable dwelling-places, indeed, these country houses, "standing in their own grounds" as the estate agents say, with agreeable and spacious surroundings, plenty of sitting-rooms with comfortable chairs, dart boards, radio sets; the sedative visual effect of tree-shaded lawns and flower-and-vegetable gardens, kept trim and in order by Wren gardeners and groundsmen, as is the Navy's custom. Good food, pleasant living arrangements and lots of recreation: "something's cooking" every night of the week, in fact, what with ENSA shows, concerts, films, dances and so on.

Wren cooks and Wren stewards, vital links in the organization, carrying out their unspectacular but signally appreciated duties, cater for the needs of this community, not only in the Wrens' quarters but in the wardroom and ante-room of the station itself, bustling background for the kaleidoscope of variegated uniforms and stripes. Mark the impeccable Wren petty officer,

A qualified ordnance maintenance Wren cleaning and servicing guns in armoury workshop

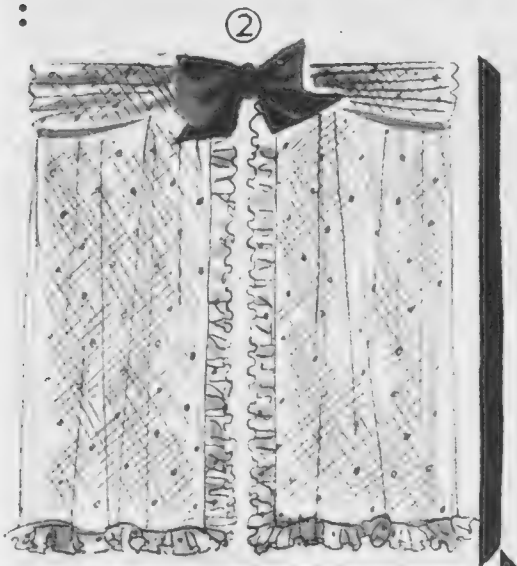
Wren radio mechanics fly in the course of their duties. A test flight lasts an hour and a half and is a much sought-after assignment

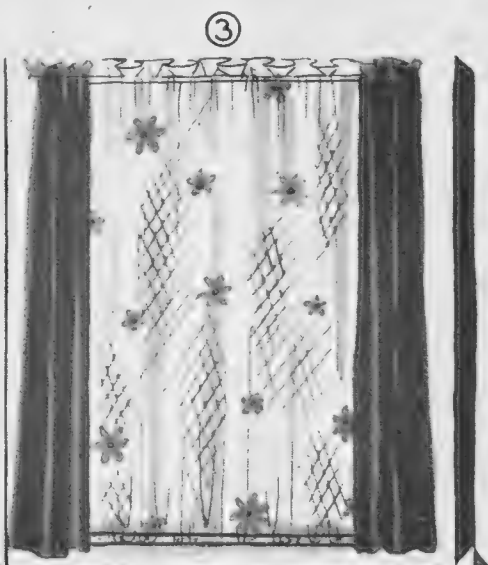
keeping an alert and watchful eye on the activities of wardroom stewards, on the needs of all who are lunching and dining in those wide, light halls where conversation is unceasingly punctuated by the roar of engines taking off; observe the care and forethought of the WRNS Passive Defence Officer in Wren quarters, stirrup-pumps and buckets of sand and buckets of water, hose-pipes, ladders, fire-fighting apparatus wherever you may (*Continued on page* 50)

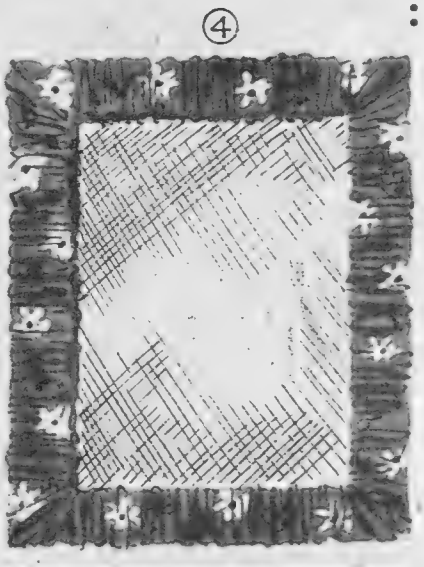


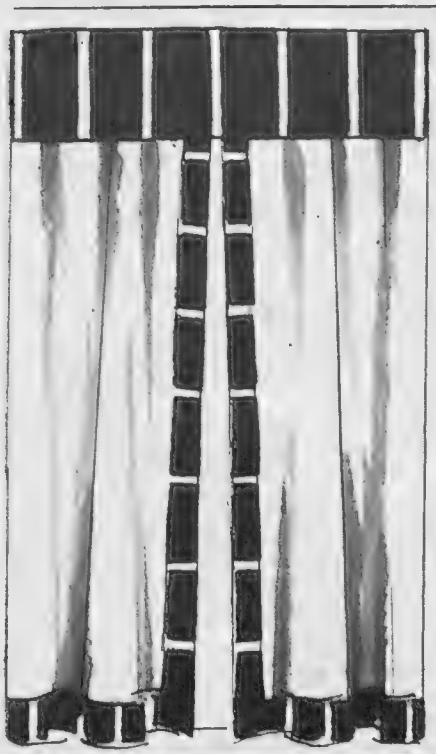
Your Curtains . . .

probably showing fatigue after a long winter, need a spring tonic, or perhaps a complete change









(1) Uncouponed net curtains deeply frilled give a freshness to old ones hanging at their sides. Drape them delicately this way for summer windows.

(2) New frills about two and a half inches deep of coloured artificial silk cheer up old net curtains. The net pelmet is looped up with a bow to match.

(3) Scatter small artificial flowers over the surface of plain net curtains or work some simple flowers of coloured embroidery silk instead.

(4) A novel frame of chintz gathered at each edge for a very small window. Veil the window inside with net.

(5) A pair of twill sheets make curtains attractively combined with a pelmet of red and white striped cotton. Hem and border all to match.

(6) Give a tonic interest to old curtains by draping a new way. Cord loops attached behind are hooked in front.

Your Daughter

You hope she will be a happy mother, you can ensure that she becomes a good one by giving her a training in mothercraft. These girls are being lectured by a health visitor

Show your daughter the shortest route to a man's heart by making her an accomplished cook. These girls are cooking their first dinner alone

Make her a well-dressed woman, even if she has nothing a year. Dressmaking lessons will make certain of this. She can study at a technical institute or with a private instructor

FATE is mysterious and incaculable. No mother can say: "I will guarantee to give my daughter a happy future," but every mother can help to set the stage, as it were, for success.

It is a fact that many promising careers in marriage have fallen apart through sheer incompetence. The success of marriage depends as much upon the practical features as upon the emotional ones.

The education in domestic science of our potential wives and mothers is being nicely attended to in the new schools. This is good in every sense, but school training can be usefully supplemented, or rather, completed, by training at home in an atmosphere of reality.

She may never be a famous hostess, but she can be a confident and charming one

Every small girl who plays with a piece of dough while her mother is cooking is a potential and promising student.

Let her help. Let her make dishes under your supervision and later, do them alone. Then, when cooking has developed really interesting potentialities, inaugurate some more serious training.

Most local technical institutes offer courses of instruction in cookery which go beyond those included in the day-school curriculum. There are day and evening classes for young women who plan to make a profession of cookery or to sit for domestic science degrees. Any of these are suitable for a girl who is training to be a good wife and a beloved cook.

The idea that good mothers are born and not made is a fallacy. A fondness for children is not enough to make an efficient mother, in these days of scientific mothercraft.

To save your daughter the many needless anxieties of motherhood, give her a practical training in child welfare.

From the age of fourteen she can do regular voluntary service in a day nursery, thereby acquiring a first-hand knowledge of mothercraft under the guidance of professional teachers. Most centres are willing and anxious, in these days of staff shortage, to give this training in return for services.

Lectures on baby welfare and mothercraft are held at most health centres and young girls are welcome to attend.

Managing a home is a task that many young women face for the first time when they start a home of their own, but the mother who permits this state of inexperience to continue so long is far from kind.

To know, from practical personal experience, how the money goes in the home; how to shop economically and with a knowledge of the best commodities; how to turn out a room and what to do when the kitchen sink is blocked, is to eliminate some of the petty anxieties of early married life.

Don't let motherly indulgence interfere with a practical training in housekeeping for your daughter. Hand over some of your responsibilities occasionally. Let her do the work and handle the money and share with you the anxieties of management as well as the pride of overcoming them. This is a vital part of her training for marriage and happiness.

Before or after marriage the girl who sews is a person with a big pull over others. Though you enjoy rendering the little personal services to your daughter, such as mending and repairing her clothes, use discretion in your indulgence. Her ability to do these things herself and to do them well, is vital to her good appearance and may, sooner or later, be vital to her pocket.

Actual dressmaking ability is an accomplishment which every girl can envy. If you, yourself, have no skill to impart to your young daughter send her to somebody who has.

Again, the technical institutes can help. There are, too, many private schools of dressmaking at which she can acquire the means of being well dressed on nothing a year. At the very least, buy her some good books of dressmaking instruction and encourage her to experiment until she is keen and accomplished.

A good hostess and a good woman who can make a home which

and the Future

IT is no longer done to lock your daughter in a tower until she sees sense about marrying the rich squire, but though manners change, the way of all parents is still to wish for the greatest happiness for their children.

To-day one is less concerned with marrying one's daughter to the squire than, perhaps, with finding some means by which to endow her with an intelligent discrimination and a responsible conception of happiness.

To accept this responsibility is a different matter from that of imposing our own ideas and ideals upon the young. The most, and the least, you can do is to lay the facts and the problems of life before your child in good time so that she confronts them without the disadvantages of ignorance.

We cannot plot the future for our daughters, but we can cultivate intelligent observation and the power of controlled self analysis which will help them to decide for themselves what they want from life and whether what they want is worth having.

These are anxious times for the mothers of girls who are thrown upon an unfriendly world when, normally, the guiding influence of home would be most operative. On the other hand, where far-sighted parents have wisely prepared adolescent girls to meet the conditions of grown-up living, countless daughters are showing that they are able to shoulder the new responsibilities of the young to-day.

Preparing a daughter for these responsibilities consists partly in fostering her power of judging human values and people.

You cannot teach your daughter to understand men, perhaps, but you can put her at ease with them, which will assist her understanding. If she is encouraged to meet them freely from an early age, without self-consciousness, she is far less likely to develop that unhealthy preoccupation with the other sex which sometimes comes with adolescence. Fill her life with other intelligent interests. Above all, divest sex of the secrecy and excitement which is stimulated by ignorance.

A grave responsibility rests with every mother to give young girls a wholesome and comprehensive education in the facts of sex and, with the physiological facts, an intelligent realization of the emotional factors implied.

Girls are meeting men away from home in circumstances of unusual freedom. First love affairs are exciting and confusing to all, but much less dangerous to those who can discriminate, within reason, between emotional impulses which are purely physical and those which have a deeper and more lasting significance.

It is not for you to say whether or not your young daughter will be happiest married to the solid business man who seems so eligible to you, or to the romantic dreamer who, at the moment, so successfully occupies her attentions. You cannot choose for her. You can only encourage her to think intelligently.

Your strength is in restraint. Her own is in the loving confidence of a truly friendly mother.

By Winifred Lewis

other people love to visit has gone part of the way towards success both as a wife and woman.

From the day when she has her small friends to tea, shift some of the responsibilities of hostess on to her. Teach her to study and indulge her guests and, to the basic rules of good manners, try to add the advantages of self-confidence.

Entertaining your daughter's friends may impose a strain upon your own powers of endurance, but if you are ambitious to widen her sphere of social contact, to cultivate her talents as a hostess, and to overcome adolescent shyness bear with it.

She may never be a famous hostess receiving ceremoniously on a grand staircase, but your training can assure that she will be a confident and charming one.

To the solid business man or to the romantic dreamer

New Young Vegetables

IF IT'S AN EARLY SEASON, THE FIRST NEW CARROTS, PEAS, SPRING ONIONS, ASPARAGUS AND JUST POSSIBLY FRENCH BEANS WILL BE APPEARING IN THE SHOPS OR IN YOUR GARDENS. MOST PEOPLE PREFER ALL THESE VEGETABLES PLAIN BOILED OR STEAMED, BUT YOU MAY LIKE TO TRY OTHER WAYS OF COOKING THEM

SPRING ONION SOUP

Bring to the boil 1½ pints of half milk, half vegetable stock; then add salt and pepper to taste and ½ lb. of spring onions complete with stalks. Simmer for 20 minutes, pass through a sieve, and serve sprinkled with chopped parsley.

BRUSSELS LAMB

Have enough cooked asparagus tips to fill 2 teacups (use young spinach if you find asparagus too extravagant; 1 lb. should suffice).

Cut as many slices as you need off your shoulder of lamb and brown them quickly in a frying pan with 1 oz. of fat. Add a teaspoonful of flour and 1 cupful of the asparagus water. When boiling arrange the meat in a fireproof dish, cover with the tips or spinach and pour over the sauce salted to taste. Reheat in a moderate oven 2 to 3 minutes.

NOTE.—When taking cuts from a fresh joint you won't spoil it for roasting if you carve your slices from where the bone protrudes instead of from the centre of a shoulder as is usually considered correct.

THE SEASON'S SPECIAL

Can you get a bird? Any bird, but it must be young. If so, have ready two frying pans with 1 oz. of fat in each. Brown the bird, whole, in one, and in the other fry a few chives, 6 to 7 young carrots, 1 dozen spring onions and 8 to 10 cauliflower flowerettes. Scald 1 lb. of potatoes (new if possible, if not, old ones cut into small pieces) and 1 lb. of peas. Put the bird in a deep fireproof dish surrounded by all the vegetables, cover the latter with boiling, salted stock or water, and leave in a hot oven until cooked. From 45 to 60 minutes according to size of bird. Baste frequently, adding liquid if necessary.

BAKED ASPARAGUS

Only use the cheapest kind for this dish. Tie together 1 lb. of asparagus and put into salted boiling water—just enough to cover the vegetable. When tender remove, keeping the liquid. Pass through the mincer all the tender parts of the asparagus and mix with 1 heaped tablespoonful of flour and 2 dried eggs reconstituted with the vegetable water. Drop dessertspoonfuls of the mixture into boiling fat, brown on both sides, and arrange in a fireproof dish. Cover with a sauce made of 1 oz. of margarine, 1 dessertspoonful of flour, 1 cupful of asparagus stock and salt. Leave in a medium oven for 30 minutes.

HOLLANDAISE SAUCE (wartime recipe)

Boil 1 small chopped carrot, 3 or 4 spring onions, a bouquet of herbs, and 1 clove of garlic, in ¾ pint of water for ½ hour. Strain, and thicken by pouring it slowly over 1 teaspoonful of flour, stirring all the time. (Don't throw the flour into the liquid, but the liquid over the flour.) Bring to the boil and strain once more. Let cool. With 4 tablespoonfuls of this stock reconstitute 1 dried egg, adding ½ teaspoonful of vinegar. Put the mixture in a bowl and the bowl over a saucepan of boiling water, and whisk for at least 5 minutes until foamy, adding gradually ½ oz. of margarine. Season to taste, and serve immediately with fish, asparagus, or cauliflower.

CAULIFLOWER SOUFFLÉ

Boil 1 large cauliflower until tender; keep back 1 cupful of the liquid and make a sauce by stirring 1 oz. of flour into 1 oz. of melted margarine and adding the stock. When thick, remove from the flame and let cool; then beat in 2 eggs (dry), 1 tablespoonful of grated cheese, and salt to taste. Mash the cauliflower and mix in with the sauce; bake—in a greased soufflé dish—in a medium oven for 25 to 30 minutes.

RED, WHITE, AND GREEN

Wash well, in several waters, whatever weight of brain or sweetbread your butcher will let you have and put it in boiling salted water for 10 minutes. Strain, and cut into small pieces, replacing it over a very low fire in a frying pan with ½ lb. of chopped spring onions and 1 oz. of fat. Shell, scrape, and wash enough young carrots, peas and beans to have 2 cupfuls of each. Cook them separately in salted water (the liquids mixed will make an excellent soup). Arrange the brain and onions in the centre of a dish, and surround it by the three vegetable rings.

MAY OMELETTES

Using the vegetable water to reconstitute your eggs, fill your omelette with cooked fresh vegetables. Here are some ideas for filling: Asparagus tips; spinach purée; green peas and potatoes; creamed spring onions; sliced new carrots and grated cheese; fried parsley and chives; diced, mixed vegetables.

NEW ENGLAND POT ROAST

Cut 1 lb. of meat into small squares and cover with cold, salted water or vegetable stock. When boiling, remove the scum three times and then add 1 carrot, 1 potato, 1 small turnip and a bouquet of chives and parsley. Let simmer for 1 hour with the lid on, then strain, keeping the meat hot. Melt 2 oz. of margarine, add 1 tablespoonful of flour, and mix without letting it brown. Pour over 2 cupfuls of the meat stock and bring to the boil. When thick, add the meat and serve surrounded by a ring of boiled rice.

TINIES

Take 1 lb. of fat raw meat and pass it twice through the mincer with 1 teaspoonful of chopped herbs (chives, sage and parsley); add a large pinch of pepper and 1 teaspoonful of salt. Let stand for 1 hour. Next chop 2 cloves of garlic and reduce them to a paste by pounding; mix with 1 tablespoonful of vegetable stock and strain over the meat. Stir thoroughly with a wooden spoon and then, with wet hands, divide into eight equal parts. Roll each heap into a small sausage, place on a flat baking tin, and brown under the grill. Brush each Tiny once or twice with stock whilst cooking and keep the flame low or they will burn without getting done through. Serve immediately and never reheat.

The Cheaper Cuts

TEHERAN CUTLETS

Mince ½ lb. of meat as in the previous recipe, adding 1 onion, 1 peeled potato and 1 carrot to the herbs. Season, and mix in 1 reconstituted dried egg. With wet hands shape into the form of as many cutlets as you need, roll in breadcrumbs, stick a wooden toothpick in the narrow end, and fry in hot fat, on both sides, until brown. Arrange neatly round a mound of mashed potatoes.

STUFFED MUTTON (a Ministry of Food recipe)

For the stuffing you need 1 teacupful of soaked and well squeezed bread, 2 tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley, 1 teaspoonful of mixed herbs, 1 heaped tablespoonful of chopped suet or meat fat, salt and pepper, 1 chopped onion, and 1 teaspoonful of lemon substitute. Mix all these ingredients together. Beat the meat out flat with a rolling pin (about 2 lb. of breast of mutton, boned, is suggested) and spread it with the stuffing. Roll it up and tie firmly in several places with string. Put the roll into a saucepan over a low heat and roll it about in the pan until the fat runs. When the outside is browned, add enough water to cover the meat; put on a lid and simmer for 2 hours. Serve with spring greens or cauliflower.

If you are out of rations, out of points foods, you can still whip up an appetizing meal at short notice, using the unrationed foods still available

SHORT-NOTICE MEALS

MACARONI (as a main dish)

Scrape and chop 4 large carrots and cover with water; bring to the boil. When soft, strain, keeping back the water. Do the same with 1 medium-sized broccoli and 1 lb. of onions. Mix all the waters together and salt to taste. Bring to the boil once more and throw in 2 cupfuls of macaroni. Leave for 10 minutes, then strain. Mix the vegetables with the macaroni, cover with margarine shavings and leave in a medium oven for 10 minutes.

This can also accompany any form of meat except pork.

SEMOLINA (as a main dish)

Bring to the boil 2 cupfuls of water in which 4 meat cubes have been dissolved, and when boiling pour slowly in, stirring continuously, with a wooden spoon, 1 cupful of semolina. Continue stirring until thick, remove and let cool. Add 2 dried eggs (not reconstituted) and mix well until all the egg powder has been absorbed, then shape tablespoonfuls of the mixture into flat cakes and fry quickly on both sides.

Serve with any green vegetable.

GELATINE (VEGETABLES IN ASPIC—as a main dish)

Boil in separate salted waters ½ cupful of each of the following vegetables: peas, young carrots, French beans (if available), cauliflower flowerettes, spring onions, and 1 cupful of potato. When ready, strain, dice the vegetables, and mix all the waters together, adding salt if necessary. Take 1 pint of the liquid, dissolve in it 2 meat cubes and 1 tablespoonful of gelatine. Put the vegetables in a mould—individual small ones if you like—and strain the stock over them. Leave in a cool place to set and serve very cold.

COFFEE (SAVARIN PRALINE—as a sweet)

Reconstitute 2 eggs with milk instead of water and whisk with 2 oz. of castor sugar and 1 dessertspoonful of coffee essence. Add 3 oz. of sieved flour mixed with 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Stir vigorously until a creamy substance is obtained. Grease, and dust with flour, a medium-sized cake tin; do the same to the outside of an empty golden syrup tin. Stand the latter, filled with water, in the centre of the cake tin, and pour the cake mixture round. Bake in a medium oven from 45 to 60 minutes. Turn out when cold and fill with PRALINE CREAM made as follows:

Make an ordinary custard, omitting the sugar, using 1 pint of milk (household). Melt and burn slightly 3 oz. of sugar, and when brown pour over ½ cupful of water. Bring to the boil, then add 3 level dessertspoonfuls of medium oatmeal and let boil for 5 minutes. Mix immediately with the custard.

FISH OR MEAT PASTE (as a savoury)

Mix equal parts of paste and flour (2 small jars should be enough for 4 people) and knead well, dusting your hands with flour to prevent sticking. Roll out the mixture, as thinly as possible, on a floured board; cut into strips about 1 in. wide and 3 in. long; fold, pressing the edges together with damp fingers, and fry quickly in boiling fat. Serve immediately or they will lose their crispness. NOTE.—With the same mixture of paste and flour you can make an original apéritif to serve with drinks before dinner; just roll into tiny balls and fry instead of folding the strips.

CORRECTION.. In last month's issue, the recipe Pikelets with Syrup Sauce began: "Mix 2 oz. flour . . ." This should have read "Mix 8 oz. flour . . ."

By Harriet Muir

Savoury Strips

WEDDING IN A HURRY

War speeds up all things, including marriage. When this takes place in haste, plans are made afterwards at leisure

SHORT leaves, dynamic meetings of girl and boy which ripen quickly into marriage are making parsons and registrars very busy people. Marriages in haste are taking place everywhere and trailing their problems in their wake.

Getting married has been somewhat simplified for Service people by sympathetic authorities who, appreciating the difficulties, have dispensed, in certain instances, with the more tedious formalities.

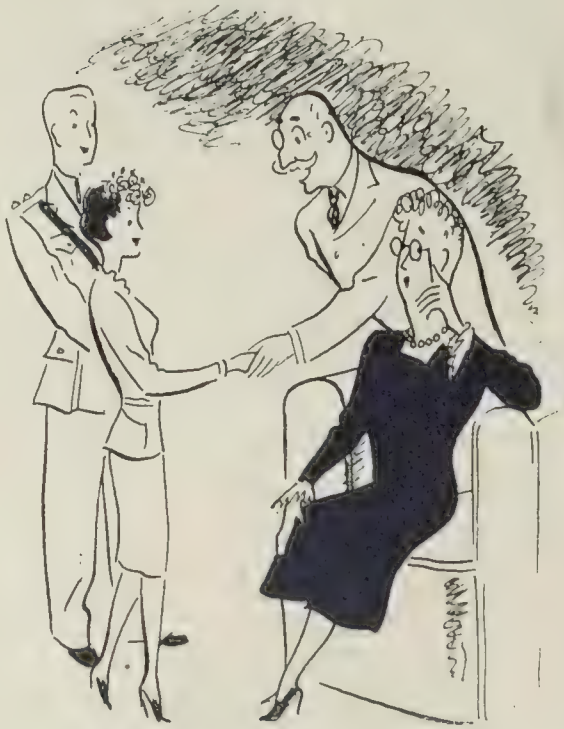
Members of the Forces can, for instance, be married by special licence at a register office within forty-eight hours of its issue. It costs £2 14s. 7d., whereas a similar licence for a church ceremony costs £2 5s. 6d. with the addition of the vicar's fee which varies, but averages a guinea.

One of the parties concerned must have been domiciled in the district where the marriage is to be performed, for fifteen days. This means that if the bridegroom is stationed at, say, Birmingham, and the bride lives at, say, Norwich, they can only be married by special licence at either one of those two places. Otherwise the fifteen days' residence must be established elsewhere.

Two witnesses are required at a marriage, but their identity is unimportant. Friends or strangers will do—even the lady who scrubs the register office will suffice if someone lets you down.

Best men and bridesmaids are charming conventions, but they make no difference whatever to the legality of the marriage rites so long as two other witnesses are available.

Two witnesses are required—even the lady who scrubs the register office will suffice, if someone lets you down



Problem number one on the bride's horizon is Meeting His People For The First Time

When the groom is in uniform, the choice of a bridal outfit is influenced only by personal taste and the immediate coupon situation. At quiet weddings these days, most sensible brides choose an outfit which renders the most practical service after the day with, perhaps, a certain amount of relaxation from austerity in the choice of a hat. A frivolous hat never fails to impart festivity to the wearer.

Problem number one on the bride's horizon, in these days of meetings and hasty marriages away from the usual background of home and parental interception, is Meeting His People For The First Time.

Meeting the relations of the man you are going to marry is an ordeal at all times. Meeting them when your marriage has, as it were, been sprung upon them, enhances these points and calls for considerable poise at a time when poise is somewhat severely strained.

Brides about to endure the parental once-over should remember that to be too critical is to invite criticism in return. The mother of the man you're about to marry is only human and motherly in wishing the best for her son. By sympathizing with her alarms, one quickly dispels them unless she is an impossible person. Mothers-in-law, apart from the music-hall stage variety, are not often like this.

Don't expect to lean upon your new husband too heavily in this ordeal. Men are understandably bewildered at this stage of relations between wife and mother by what they are pleased to regard as feminine difficulties. In any case the poor man is anxious to please both of you which is never easy and frequently impossible.

Starting a home from scratch just now is frequently not even feasible, but luckier brides can at least lay the foundations for a later start, by planning and ordering certain things which may be a long time materializing.

A new Board of Trade order makes permits for Utility furniture available to all couples married since the war.

The permits are issued at local Fuel Control Centres and the purchase can be made wherever the furniture is available. For the moment no promises are made as to the available quantities, but the production situation is improving rapidly.

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Women of the Fleet Air Arm

(*Continued from page 42*)

look. So much for the domestic side; now for the work of a more technical order. The days when it seemed either doubtful or surprising that girls should be capable of doing men's jobs (capable also of fitting-in to the daily routine without upsetting its balance) are long since past and over in these Fleet Air Arm stations; their presence is not only accepted as a natural part of the organization, but welcome and valued.

Wren air mechanics, starting from scratch, are considered to be better workers in this particular sphere than many men: deft-fingered, well educated as they are, their powers of concentration make them first class in their categories of airframe, engine, electrical and ordnance mechanics. You see them in the hangars of the repair yard, where the planes come in for a thorough "doing-over" after each flight of so many hours, working side by side with the men mechanics, hammering away, stripping the engines, recharging batteries, patching wing floats, cleaning and reassembling machine guns.

At one naval air station in particular, eighty-six per cent of the radio personnel consists of Wrens; surely a spectacular figure? They swarm, as busy as bees, all over the station, maintaining and servicing aircraft radio equipment; they inspect, strip, and overhaul gear in the repair yard; they drive out to the "snag patch" in mobile units; work on major repairs in the repair shop; test radio in the workshops, on the ground and—overalled, helmeted, parachuted, flying-booted and gloved—up in the air, a test flight that lasts about an hour and a half (a seriously sought-after assignment, this; the girls take it in turns).

Wrens work as meteorologists, studying such matters as isobars and isotherms, plotting the weather, sometimes from the ground, sometimes from the air. From their charts and observations, WRNS officers make out weather forecasts, always a tricky business however skilled the meteorologists may be—and skilled they certainly are.

Wrens are in charge of the naval stores where spare parts for aircraft are kept; here you see rack after rack, shelf after shelf, fitted with every imaginable fitting and accessory, all docketed, listed and checked in a methodical, businesslike manner. The civilian who is allowed a glimpse of stores like these will never cavil or wonder at the scarcity of certain commodities required for ordinary civilian life; here is one example, to be multiplied by tens of thousands, of the war-purposeful uses to which metal, rubber, wood, plastics and so on are put.

This thought is apt to strike you even more forcibly in the parachute-packing room. Parachutes of fine silk, cords of lustrous silk, silk to save a man's life—would any woman fuss about silkless stockings after contemplating what goes on here? Wrens man this department under the supervision of a Wren officer; parachute packing is a specialized job and girls must have strong hands and wrists—as well as a strong sense of responsibility—for such work. Parachutes are examined minutely every so often; not a crease, not a fold, not a grease spot must go disregarded. Touchingly human note: any pilots who may have to bale out make a point of coming back to their station's parachute-packing room as soon as they are able, to express their gratitude personally to the Wren packer.

In the control room are Wren radio telephone operators, chosen for their good hearing and eyesight, for their initiative and ability to think and act quickly. Like a dramatic scene from a film, the quiet tense control room—hub of the station—conveys the sense of being in touch with great activity, as indeed it is. Air gunners are trained from here (they "double up" the part of gunner with that of radio operator) by these Wrens, trained and tested by them—their voices come over the air on the radio telephones; the voices of the pilots, too, giving their position, asking for permission to land, asking for permission to take off. In another part of the control room are the Wren wireless telegraphists, training the air gunners also, tap-tap-tapping out messages in Morse and receiving code messages from the gunners who are practising and learning; a scene of quiet efficiency and co-operation which is heartening in the extreme, proof of the high standard of technical work attained by the young men and the young women of this country

END

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American Roots in Britain

(*Continued from page 15*)

court swear to himself when he loses."

One of the links with Penn that one meets in unexpected places is in Bristol. This is the Tabernacle Church founded by the Rev George Whitefield, a friend and co-worker with John Wesley. It was in the old Dominican Friary opposite that the Quakers used to meet and where William Penn was married in 1695. Whitefield himself went to America—the land of promise where all men had freedom of speech.

America's most hallowed shrine in England is the Jordans Meeting House, near Chalfont St. Giles, in Buckinghamshire. Here Penn was buried close to the simple tree-shadowed house where he so often communed with his followers in the true spirit of friendship.

In 1765 Captain Thomas Webb, who had served beside General Wolfe at Quebec, rented a small rigging house in New York which became the first Methodist Chapel in America. Later he founded chapels in Pennsylvania and Burlington, on the Delaware River. He was buried in the crypt of Portland Chapel at Kingsdown, Bristol, where a life-like picture of him is to be seen in the unusual setting of a stained-glass window!

But it is not only to the shrines of religious enthusiasts that American pilgrims turn their steps. In Bristol stands the Cabot Tower, similar to one erected in Newfoundland, the land which John Cabot and his sons discovered in 1497. The tower was built to commemorate the 400th anniversary of this momentous voyage, when John Cabot and his more famous son, Sebastian, set sail in a frail vessel to discover a land of promise.

Learning, too, has its devotees from America. Ilminster, Somerset, is often visited, for in the Church of St. Mary the Virgin are the tombs of Nicholas and Dorothy Wadham, who were the founders of Wadham College, Oxford.

The Gorges' tomb in Wraxall Church, Somerset, is another Mecca for the pilgrim. Sir Ferdinando Gorges, enthralled by the exploits of Captain Pring when exploring the east coast of the New World, endeavoured to colonize the country. In spite of many setbacks he is regarded as being one of the pioneers of the State of Maine.

In the High Street of Stratford-on-Avon is a beautiful sixteenth-century house that keeps the scholastic reputation of Stratford ever green in American eyes. It was built in 1596 by Thomas Rogers, whose daughter became the mother of John Harvard, founder of the famous college that bears his name. No true American will pass this hallowed spot without spending a short time sitting in the rooms where so important a man learned his first lesson—we hope at his mother's knee! And at Cambridge stands Emmanuel College, whence Americans go to see John Harvard's own room which he used during his time spent here as an undergraduate.

Bristol makes yet another claim to the interest of our cousins across the Atlantic: No. 37 Queen Square is believed to have been used once as the first American Consulate in this country.

END

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Uncle George Joins the R.A.F.

(*Continued from page 32*)

George decided that he had no time to lose. "Good. Well, yes, we'll have a spot of dual, shall we?"

By lunch time George was very limp. Flying the trainer hadn't been half so bad as he expected, and once he got the hang of all the knobs, they fell into place quite naturally. It was only the warning hooter, however, that had twice prevented him from landing with the wheels still up. When you've never flown anything that didn't have a fixed undercarriage, it is a very difficult thing to remember to put your wheels down.

He had lunch in company with Lawson and the girl Bill, from whom by subtle questioning—she was an ops. officer—he learnt the method of aircraft communication with the ground. George smiled inwardly when he began to notice that her attention tended to wander when Lawson spoke.

After lunch he went down to the squadron again, and listened to Lawson's crisp decisive orders to the other pilots before he took them up on a formation-flying practice.

He watched the squadron take off smoothly in sections of two; watched the Spitfires' rapid, effortless climb off the runway. To-morrow, he would be doing that, or else . . .

He went along to the station commander's office to see if there were any urgent documents which needed to be signed. There was one message, marked "Urgent." They've realized their mistake, George thought despairingly, as he ripped it open.

But the message was quite a different one; it said that owing to operational requirements, 990 Squadron would consider themselves available for use as from dawn the next day.

"Well," George grunted, "it looks as if this is going to call my bluff." Anyway, what the hell! The thing to do was to have some dinner and then go and have fun with the boys at the station dance.

At the dance he was an enormous success, and George felt very happy. Then he realized that he must find Lawson and explain to him; after all, he had had his hour, but after to-morrow there would be no time for play-acting.

Then, as he was crossing the hall, he caught a snatch of conversation: ". . . and of course I'm not saying that the old boy is not a darn good type, but can you imagine the effect of a couple of rolls in a Spit. on his arteries? Why, he'd blackout for good."

George gritted his teeth. So they thought that he was a dead beat, eh? He would show them!

He found Lawson at last, sitting in a deserted corner, his blond head very close to Bill's dark one.

"Oh, Lawson." George found that the words were nearly choking him. "Have my Spitfire ready at dawn to-morrow, will you? Must get a trip in before the fun starts."

WELL, here he was strapped in again, on his own; but this time it was a twelve-hundred-horse Spitfire, not a Moth.

They all fly the same way, George repeated to himself, as he pushed the throttle lever forward. Then all he was conscious of was the thunderous roar of the motor and the terrific push in the small of the back as the machine bucketed down the runway.

Cautiously he felt for the undercart lever and pulled up the wheels. Within a couple of minutes he was enjoying the whole thing.

Then George decided to give the audience something for its money. Pointing his nose at the acrodrome he pushed the stick forward and went hurtling downwards. At a hundred feet he pulled out and shot across the drome.

Then he pulled the stick over hard to port. No doubt in an F.E.2b of the first World War that would have produced a steep turn, which was what he intended to do; but in the supersensitive Spitfire it had an entirely different effect—the whole landscape turned into a windmill and started rolling over and over. When he finally managed to keep the horizon still, it was upside-down. Cautiously, he managed at last to get everything the right way up. George decided that it was time to land.

The squadron pilots were grouped around the dispersal pen when he taxied in. Must have looked darn silly from the ground, he decided. But when he stepped out of the cockpit he was greeted with looks of awestruck amazement from the others.

Then Lawson came up; he looked at George curiously. "You certainly threw that kite around, sir," he said, holding out a signal form. "It'll be good practice for this afternoon. We are ordered on offensive patrol in the Channel at 1300 hours."

AT 1315 hours, George was feeling peacefully content. In front of him, in tight formation, the squadron swept along, while George weaved slightly from side to side acting as tail-end man.

He had excused himself from the leading of the formation on the grounds that Lawson knew the area better than he did; he was quite happy where he was, since it did not entail any super-accurate flying, keeping wing-tip to wing-tip with the rest of the formation. Yes, this was the life! And he was too old to fly, was he? The trouble with Alec was that he had been too long behind that Air Ministry desk.

It seemed hardly a minute had passed before a grey coastline loomed up. Then there was a jumble of excited voices on the radio. Looking down, George saw the cause of the excitement, a couple of big merchant ships escorted apparently by a lone circling fighter.

"Take it easy, blokes," Lawson called over the radio, "this may be a trap."

George squinted up into the sun through partly spread fingers—an old R.F.C. trick. He thought he could see black shapes some two or three thousand feet above the formation, so he switched on his transmitter to give the warning; but the next moment it became unnecessary—the air around them was suddenly full of fighters.

George switched on his gun-sight, put the cannon-firing button at "Fire," and did a slow turn, looking for a target. Lightning flashes of tracer were darting all over the sky, while the other aircraft appeared to be moving so quickly that it was difficult to distinguish friend from foe.

Then a black shape swung up from underneath him, breaking away from an attack on another aircraft. As it turned, it presented the whole of its belly marked with great white crosses. George decided that a Fokker biplane and an Me. 109 were all the same when they gave you a target like that; he squeezed the gun-button.

A great hole appeared where the Me.'s radiator had been; then a broad ribbon of smoke shot out of the engine; a blinding flash, and he found himself flying through scraps of wreckage that pattered against the windshield.

George discovered to his surprise that he was yelling, yelling like a schoolboy. I've shot down a fighter, a German fighter.

There was a loud bang like a shotgun going off. The aircraft swung crazily as if rocked by a giant hand. Then the hood flew off, filling the cockpit with the deafening roar of the two hundred and fifty miles an hour slipstream.

George swore under his breath and instinctively side-slipped; just in time, for another stream of tracer went slipping away over his head.

At a hundred feet above the sea he levelled out shakily. There were a lot of jagged holes all over the machine, but the engine, although vibrating a little, was giving full power.

He set a rough compass course for the English coast, and then spent the next five minutes cursing himself. To be caught by the oldest trick in the world! Just fancy letting himself be "jumped" from behind like that.

He fiddled with (*Continued on page 54*)

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TONES AS IT CLEANSES

the knobs of the radio set, and presently managed to contact base. It was Bill's voice that answered him.

"Steer two-four-zero," she called in a calm impersonal voice.

Nice girl, that, George thought. She and young Lawson make a fine pair. My, if I were thirty years younger. . . .

He suddenly became very desperately tired. He rubbed his gauntlet across his face, and when he took it away he was surprised to see that it was covered with blood.

Through the confused noise in the cockpit he became aware that Bill was calling again.

"Are you receiving me, Red Two?"

He found that he could not remember any of the correct procedure. He said: "Okay, Bill, receiving you." Nice girl, Bill. He wondered how the others had got on. Hope young Lawson is all right.

The engine spluttered, cut, then picked up again, just as the English coast began to slide under him.

"My engine is not so good, Bill," he called.

"All right, Uncle George. Steer two-five-two now, and get all the height you can. There's not far to go."

At five thousand feet he called: "The engine has packed up, Bill."

"All right," she called back, "just glide. You should see the runway very soon. Steer two-five-two."

Yes. There was the runway all right. Capable girl, Bill. Amazing what women were doing in this war. Wheels and flaps down, tail trim forward—hold off——

The Spitfire bumped to a halt at the end of the runway. George's fingers slipped from the control column; he lay back. The sudden quiet and lack of movement was very peaceful; all he wanted to do now was sleep.

Uncle George Joins the R.A.F.

IT was a very glowing couple that came to visit him in hospital. "It was an eight-nil victory," Bill said, "and Dick——" she coloured, "Dick says you were absolutely marvellous!"

"Is the station C.O. back?" George inquired, guiltily.

Lawson grinned. "I'll say he is. And he had one or two awkward questions to ask about the non-appearance of his new admin. officer."

George chuckled. "Oh, well, now I've licked the squadron into shape I think I shall lay down the sword for the pen. I'm a silly old fool, and I wouldn't believe it when they told me this was a young man's war. I find that shooting down fighters rather takes it out of me."

"Well," said Lawson, "you've set me a very hard task, but I'm going to try to set the same standard as the new squadron commander." He smiled.

"That's grand," said George, "absolutely grand. Congratulations. There's only one thing worrying me now."

"And what's that?" Bill inquired solicitously.

"What I'm going to buy you two for a wedding present," George murmured.

END

The Mystery Woman of the Northland

(*Continued from page 29*)

his mind. To let her start out on a trail that hardy men regarded as "tough going" was impossible. Better commit her on a charge of vagrancy. . . .

She had only $10, and could not pay the fine, so the magistrate ordered her to be taken to Oskalla, in New Westminster, where for the next two months she obtained shelter and good food. On her release, work was found for her, and again she was able to save. Even gaol had not lessened her determination to return to Russia.

Towards the end of June, 1928 she set off again, and on July 19 arrived at Smithers, having covered from thirty to forty miles a day—a remarkable feat.

"Did you get any rides?" asked Sergeant Fairburn, in charge there.

"I walked all the way," she told him.

"Do you know anything of the country into which you're going?"

"I'm not afraid. I have a great distance now, and I must go on—I *must*."

The sergeant explained the dangers.

"I will consent on one condition," he said finally. "I want you to report to each of the cabins along the trail, then I'll know you'll be safe for a time. We'll help you all we can."

Every twenty miles or so along that strand of wire strung through the wilderness are maintenance cabins, and the linesmen suggested meeting the girl half-way between stops and escorting her in.

The bitter wind was howling round the cabins and shacks of Post Eight when Jim Christie and Charlie Janze, who patrolled the rugged hills of this sector, heard a knock at the door. Jim opened it—and stepped back in amazement. There stood a woman.

"Come on in," he stammered. Charlie looked up from his mending job and gaped. "You must be that girl we were told was heading this way."

For three days she was the grateful guest of these hospitable linesmen, and when at last she announced that she was leaving, Charlie appeared at the cabin door with a black-and-white mongrel, a sturdy little dog that would be a great help carrying a couple of rucksacks slung on his back like panniers.

"It must get kind o' lonely sluggin' through the hills by yourself all the time," he remarked. "This fellow'll be someone to talk to, anyway."

Somewhere between Cabin Eight and Echo Lake there was trouble on the line, so Charlie set out to locate it, accompanying Lillian to Cabin Nine, where he left her. At the same time, the Echo Lake linesman, advised of the trouble and of the girl's departure, sent out a patrol. There were two men here—Scotty Ogilvie and Cyril Tooley. Scotty set off in pouring rain, singing one of his Scottish songs, while Tooley remained behind.

It was tough going, slippery underfoot. The little Ningunsaw river had swollen to a torrent, the hand-cable at the ford was two feet under water, so Scotty turned to seek a better crossing higher up. . . .

Meantime, Christie had joined Tooley at Echo Lake, to await Scotty's return. As time went by they became worried.

"Guess we'd better go and look for that singing Scotsman," said Christie.

The trail led them to the ford, then upstream to a place where the bank had caved in. A quarter of a mile farther along they found Scotty's body wedged in driftwood that had piled up at a band in the stream. That was the end of the jolly singing Scot. Silently his two friends buried him, erecting a cross above the grave under the rugged hills that had reminded him of his native fells. . . .

On her way north Lillian heard, with deep grief, of the death of the man who had given his life partly to aid her.

Always, at the small settlements or isolated farms where she stopped, she kept strictly to herself, creating about her an aura of mystery. Some said she was a Grand Duchess, a refugee from the Revolution; some, a White spy fleeing from the Bolshevists.

Two years later people were still talking of the wraithlike figure that suddenly appeared among them and fled as silently, *carrying a stuffed dog*. Charlie Janze's present, the little tailwagger, had met with an accident before she reached Atlin. She could not bear to part with her dumb friend, so skinned the carcass, stuffed the hide, and carried it with her.

For one winter she worked as a cook in a camp at Dawson, then in the spring set out again in a crude-looking boat which she had patched up to take her along the wide Yukon, her goods piled in front of her, the stuffed dog on her knees, a lone figure sitting in the stern of the crazy craft. She was reported passing through Tanana, her face still resolutely set towards (*Continued on page 56*)

Pomeroy still serves Beauty

She walks in beauty
like the night
Of cloudless climes
and starry skies;
And all that's best
of dark and bright
Meet in her aspect and eyes
BYRON

The loveliness of Edwardian women was world-famous
Pomeroy served beauty then as it does today.

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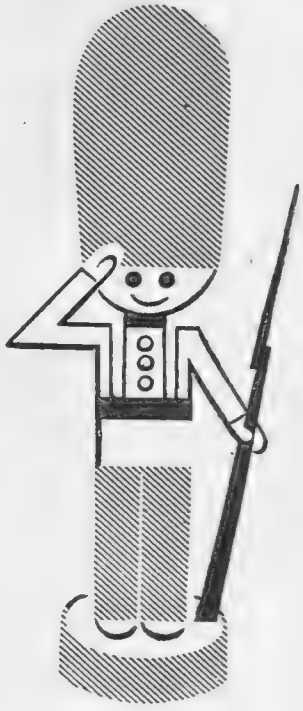
Don't think Heinz are making less! They are making *more*. But fighting men must be fed first; and so civilian supplies are limited. But those with a quick eye for the famous name will still find such first-class buys as Heinz Baked Beans, Soups and Salad Cream.



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57 Varieties

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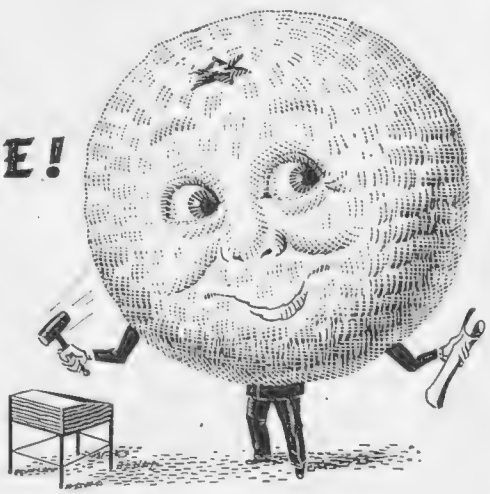

BUT 'FOR THE DURATION' ONLY

MEANWHILE —

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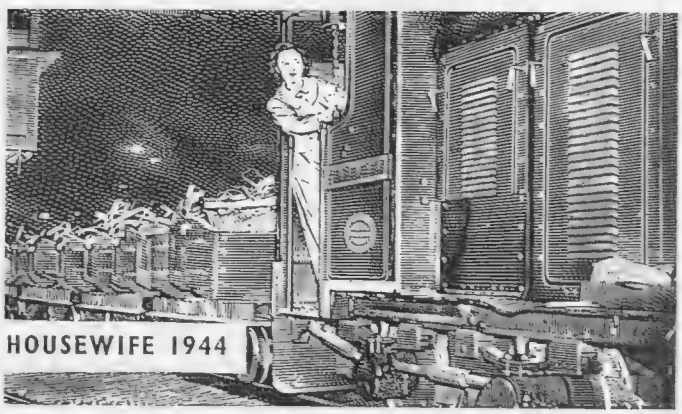
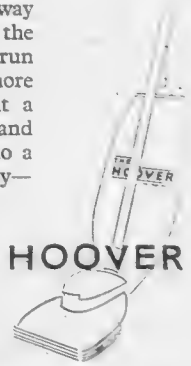
BY APPOINTMENT



HOUSEWIFE 1944

The Hand that held the Hoover drives a Train!

Not many of our housewives are doing jobs of war work like this! The great majority of those in the factories and workshops are plugging away on far less spectacular tasks. But whatever the job these "Housewives 1944" stick it, and run their homes as well! Many of them, now more than ever, must bless the day they bought a Hoover to save their sorely needed time and energy! We're proud to have helped them do a "double job" in war-time, and in admiration say—



Salute! FROM HOOVER

Hoover users know best what improvements they would like in the post-war Hoover. Suggestions are welcome.

BY APPOINTMENT TO H.M. KING GEORGE VI AND H.M. QUEEN MARY
HOOVER LIMITED, PERIVALE, GREENFORD, MIDDLESEX

FOOD NEWS

From

CHIVERS

You'll be glad to hear that our troops at home and overseas are receiving good supplies of Chivers Products and from letters we receive, these products, straight from the English countryside, are equally welcome in Iceland or in the Far East.

Olde English Marmalade

Yes! Oranges are difficult—and chunky Orange Peel was one of the most popular features of Chivers Olde English. We still make other Marmalades, of course, but not Olde English. So that's another pleasure that has to be postponed for a time.

Chivers Jellies

Pleasure on the home front is less important than the welfare of our troops—so just now we must go without Chivers Jellies so that we can make other foods which are more needed by fighting men.

Chivers Jams

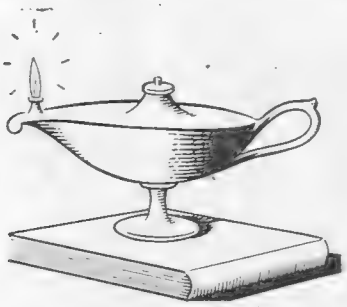
It's still wise to ask for Chivers, and in many districts they are still obtainable—but even Jam has to conform to wartime standards—so that makes another very good reason why we should do our utmost to win this war quickly.

CHIVERS

The Orchard Factory

HISTON · · CAMBRIDGE

J.385



"In the present state of medical knowledge..."

Never have doctors been more ready to admit that tomorrow's discoveries may reverse today's beliefs. Yet every test and experiment confirms the fact that nerves, to keep healthy, need organic phosphorus and protein. And that is only another way of saying that they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for 'Sanatogen' contains organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination. Ask your chemist for a tin today.

'SANATOGEN'

Regd. Trade Mark

NERVE TONIC

In one size only during war time—
6/6d. *(including Purchase Tax).*

A 'GENATOSAN' Product.

The Mystery Woman of the Northland

Siberia. She arrived safely at Nome, where she abandoned the boat and purchased a few articles for land travel.

From here her journey became wrapped in mystery, and for a time she completely disappeared from the haunts of men. Then an Eskimo brought word that he had passed her on the beach between Nome and Teller, tugging a small handmade cart loaded with her kit—and the stuffed dog.

Beyond this point her fate is unknown. I have verified her story, as far as it goes, from the files of the Provincial Police in Victoria and other sources; but here, on the bleak shores of Alaska, her trail ends. Whether or not she succeeded in persuading the Eskimos to take her across the Straits, and thus reached her goal, remains a mystery. The trek she was known to have completed was, however, unique even for a twentieth-century woman, and showed astonishing disregard of loneliness, hardship, and danger.

END

Mocking Tune

(Continued from page 28)

entirely different things, in my opinion."

"Ah, we have a cynic in the family!"

But she got a job and some measure of heaven was added to it, when her daily journey to town and back was taken in the same train, the same bus, as Laurie.

He had been dear and sweet and utterly unconscious of her. For three years she loved him foolishly, and on the summer night of her eighteenth birthday party he held her in his arms in the little sitting-room of her father's house; he held her and danced with her while a cracked old record played "You and only you . . ."

"Laurie," she said, "it was nice of you to come. The chocolates are lovely . . ."

"Don't get sick," he laughed. "It's difficult to believe you're really eighteen."

Later she looked round the room for him several times. He was nowhere in sight, but eventually he came in from the garden with her father. They were deep in talk and Laurie barely noticed her hesitating hand on his arm.

"What is it, Gill?" her father was impatient. "Laurie is just telling me about his work. I must say, my boy, you deserve your success. You've worked as few young men do these days."

"Thank you, sir."

"You'll make the grade," her father said; "we'll all be very proud of you yet. Won't we, Gill?"

"I'm proud of him now." The words, soft and caressing, had come unsought from the top surface of her love. She grew uncomfortable under the look of surprise her father gave her before he turned in search of her mother.

Tears were not far from her eyes as Laurie slipped his arm around her with a brotherly little squeeze.

"Like to dance?"

"No."

"Like to find a corner and gorge yourself on chocolates?" he teased.

Suddenly the tears of frustration, of humiliation and loneliness were heavy sobs in her throat and a wrenching agony in her slim shoulders.

"Gill! What's the matter? Aren't you well? Shall I call your mother?"

"If you do, I'll kill you," she managed, through her quivering lips.

"But what is it, Gill? Tell me."

"All right." Impulsively she felt there was no good reason why he shouldn't know.

"I'm terribly, dreadfully unhappy because—because I'm in love with you, Laurie."

She leaned against him, looking at him, her soul naked and fearful in her eyes, beseeching him. He returned her look quietly, a faint flush creeping under his skin. Then he took her chin gently between finger and thumb and kissed her mouth. Although his lips were firm and tender against hers, something, everything, was lacking. His mouth didn't return the clinging warmth of hers.

With an abrupt awkwardness she turned away, laid her hands for a moment against her hot, ashamed cheeks and then left him.

For three weeks she had gone to the infinite trouble to avoid meeting him. She felt she'd rather die than see his look of friendly tenderness, of—of amusement.

"Why don't you ask Laurie over for a game of cards?" her father suggested one evening as she sat idly miserable.

She started at the mention of his name, and looked at her father suspiciously, but, turning to her mother, he said:

"Worried about that boy. Saw him on the train a few days ago—something's happened. I wonder if it's to do with his work with Hubbards."

"He works too hard," her mother said, comfortably; "always has. He's an ambitious young man—you'd think the devil himself was driving him."

She sat quietly, not taking in at first what they were saying about him, too conscious of the picture the sound of his name brought to her. Then their words took shape and meaning. Laurie was miserable, something was worrying him. It—it couldn't be, it wasn't possible that—that he missed her!

In a moment she was out in the hall struggling into a coat and tearing down the garden, covering the short pavement between their two houses, knocking on the door and holding her coat under her chin, staring up at him.

"Hallo, Gill," he said. His voice was tired, his face in the half darkness looked white and shadowy. Suddenly all her sense of elation and certainty left her.

"Daddy said he thought—he thought something was the matter. I wondered if it were so, if I could help."

"Help?" he said, stupidly, "that's very sweet of you. I haven't seen you around recently. Have you been hiding from me?"

"Laurie," she said, desperately, "Laurie, I love you terribly. I told you so once. I meant it then. I mean it now. If there's anything, anything that I should know, please tell me."

"Love!" He seemed to linger over the word as if it were something curious, something heavy, then he said, and there was laughter and—and puzzlement in his voice. "Had you, by any chance, planned on marrying me?"

"Yes."

"Funny," he said, "funny, two minds with but a single thought."

"You mean . . . ?"

"Marriage has been quite a bit on my mind, too," he said, but somehow the words were ugly on his lips.

"Laurie," she said, "you're hurting me. Teasing me. Why? Please don't. I can't help it if I love you. I've tried not to."

He stepped from the dark cave of the doorway, he held her two twisting, trembling hands in his and looked at her. She was shocked at the near sight of him. His eyes were deep pools of unhappiness, his mouth was drawn and thin lipped, he swayed a little on his feet and his breath smelt.

"Laurie, you're—you've been drinking!"

"Yes. Why not?" he mocked. "Why not? When a pretty girl tells me one day she loves me and the next walks out on me."

"Laurie!" She sank to the stone steps and pulled him down to sit beside her. "Laurie, have you been doing this—because—because of me?"

He put his head down in his hands, she almost thought he sobbed, but then he looked at her and smiled, an awkward, crooked little smile, but a smile.

"If you really love me, Gill," he said, "for God's sake marry me, and soon!"

"Oh, Laurie." She cradled him against her young breast, loving him, protecting him. Suddenly he twisted his mouth up to hers and kissed her, a hard, crushing kiss that took her breath away, that bruised her lips, but brought no sense of comfort, no sense of ease.

(Continued on page 58)

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Instructions for knitting everything for the newly born! 72 pages beautifully illustrated. Price 2/- from Stores and Woolshops, 2/3 post free.
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CVS-2

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It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

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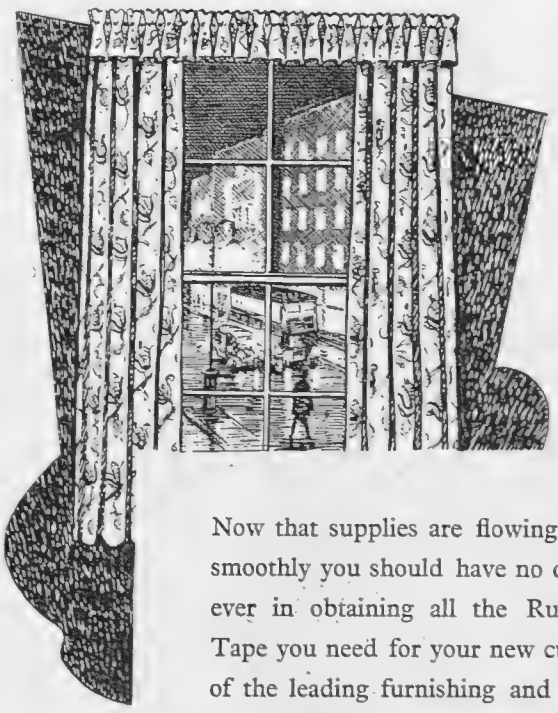

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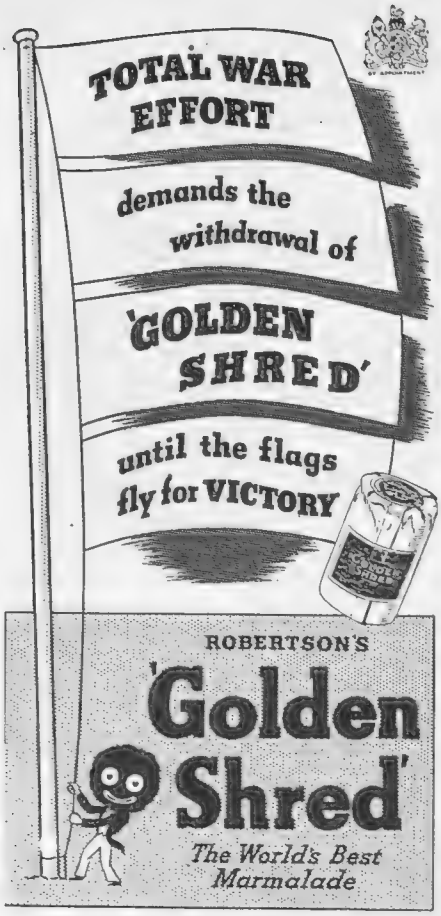

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SUPERLATIVE QUALITY AND DESIGN
In normal times the best shops have '66'. Supplies are, however, now strictly limited.
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"Laurie, you do love me?" she asked, wistfully.

He didn't reply, but his hands, his mouth grew less hurtful.

The next few weeks had passed like a dream. A hot dream of visions and plans. She was going to be such a good wife. So careful, so wise, so loving. She would be his lover as well as his wife—and he would be her whole life and she his.

But that had been years ago now. Five years ago. It had been a dream that had never known reality. Now one took one's mind back over the years; took it back from the remembering, the wondering and aching, of why it had all fallen into ashes before there was ever a fire? Back to the present, dreary greyness, the present bickerings, back to marriage with a man who seemed, what indeed he was, a fill-in for the man she had really loved, had longed and hoped to marry.

While the stars twinkle,
Until the sun dies,
You—and only you . . .

"I don't suppose you do remember it," she said, bitterly to the silent man on the other side of the fire. "Why should you? If it comes to that, why should I, any longer? It's a tawdry little song . . ."

Tawdry, he thought, well, maybe that's the word for it. The right word for what we had together, Julia and I. Julia who couldn't wait for the fullness of life, who didn't want to help to build, who only wanted to stretch out her lovely hands and take and use.

Julia, who'd loved him in her own way, Julia, who'd tried to push him on, harder and longer than he could go. Julia, who had been impatient and petulant with—why, with the fact that he was young and had to make his way; with the fact that he couldn't just pick up money, position, experience in a matter of a few years. Julia, who, when she'd seen that, had married another man; an older man, established, wealthy and, to make the hurt worse for him to bear, a man who was still young enough to be a lover to Julia. If she had betrayed him only for the good things of life.

She'd protested: "I must have things, houses, clothes, jewels, while I'm young enough to enjoy them. It will be years, years and years, darling, before you could afford the sort of wife I'd be. We'd grow to hate each other. I know I'm selfish—but it's better to be honest now than when it's too late."

"But you love me, Julia." He'd sat staring unbelievingly at her, watching her flip round her slender finger the deep cool emerald this other man had bound her with.

"Of course I love you," she'd said. "Surely I've proved that to you. Why I've made John give you a chance in his firm. I've guaranteed your success by doing that. Even if you leave when I'm married, the very fact that he offered you such an opportunity gives you a frame for your future—you'll be sought by others."

"If I'd known about you and him, do you think I'd have taken such an offer?" he'd asked her, bitterly.

"Julia." He'd been desperate. "You can't marry him. I won't allow it! You belong to me. You're going to marry *me*! You are, Julia . . . You're only teasing me."

But she hadn't been teasing. She'd meant it. He'd admired her, bitterly, for the ease with which she manœuvred her affections and, to flourish a jeering banner of equal proportions in her face, he'd wildly, cruelly married little Gill Stanton.

He looked across at her now. Small, soft, blonde, the very opposite of Julia's glowing loveliness. Maybe it was because of that that their marriage had been such a failure. Not a wild dramatic failure, no great quarrels, no great difference in temperament. She was too soft, too yielding, too young for that. What they had endured together in five years of marriage was the bitter drag of small wounds, small pin-pricks. Mostly, he supposed, his fault. His fault because he had married her, loving, desperately, another woman, wanting to make Gill flush and wince with the barbs meant for Julia.

But Julia had made a success of her marriage. Her husband had been knighted in the last birthday honours. Julia would be "my lady" now. She'd like that. He smiled. She'd been right, he thought, she'd picked the right man for the sort of life she wanted. He'd done well enough himself, he'd do better once the war was over. He wondered if, when that day arrived, Julia, hearing of him, would regret. Thinking, remembering, he found, and the discovery shocked him, that he was no longer interested. He no longer cared what she did, where she was, or with whom.

Gill turned her sad, young eyes to him.

"It's a tawdry old tune," she said, and her voice was wistful this time. "The words don't even make sense."

"Gill!" In one movement he was across the room, had swept her into his arms and sat cradling her, like a child. "Gill," he said feverishly, "what have I been doing to you all these years? Why does it take an old, a mocking old tune to wake me up? To tell me how dear, how sweet you are, how much I love you!"

He was holding her fast, holding her as if he'd never held her before. He was hurting her, his mouth was hard, but his eyes held laughter and something else that she had imagined but never seen, something infinitely more important than laughter.

"Laurie!"

END

The Sergeant Shows Initiative

(*Continued from page* 19)

the lowdown on a new field; and you forget that those two fools in that jeep gave him just that, and that now you are letting him go."

Sergeant O'Neill knew how to make a decision quickly whether it made a fool of him or not.

"Swing her round, Davis," he commanded. "Swing her round and stop her across the runway dead ahead of that Spitfire."

The Spitfire picking up speed had no chance of missing the truck unless it took the lesser risk of swerving off the runway. They heard the engine cut and saw the swerve miss the truck by a few yards. The aircraft bumped off the runway to the rougher ground and ran to a stop. The two American pilots who, standing by their jeep, had been watching the take-off, jumped in and raced down the runway to the truck.

But Sergeant O'Neill was running to meet them.

"Steering column," he shouted. "Tell him, and take me to get a tractor."

One of the pilots jumped out and ran to the Spitfire while Sergeant O'Neill jumped into the jeep and speeded down the runway.

From that moment things moved quickly. In less than a minute a tractor was up hitching a towline to the Spitfire to get it on the runway and another was hitched to the truck to pull it out of the way, while the truck driver sat mystified at this unnecessary consideration

Then Sergeant O'Neill was back with two officers whom he dropped at the Spitfire while he walked with a broad smile to the truck. From then everything became very casual. The officers strolled to the Spitfire to talk casually with the pilot who leaned over his cockpit. Then the pilot climbed down and, getting into the jeep with the officers, he was driven down the runway towards the administration buildings.

Sergeant O'Neill jumped on the step of the truck smiling broadly. "Okay, Davis, take her back." Then he turned to Sergeant Marlow, who melted from her former tension to a feminine air of helplessness.

"Smart work, sister, I mean sawgeant. How's that for quick action?"

"But—but——" Words would not come to Sergeant Marlow.

"I guess you (*Continued on page* 60)

BABY IN WAR TIME

For many years our Kamella Baby Bag has been looked upon as quite an important article of Baby's layette but we regret that owing to the present shortage of supplies we have to disappoint many mothers.

We take this opportunity of reminding you that other Kamella Utility garments are still available and the quality of these is of the highest standard permitted to-day.

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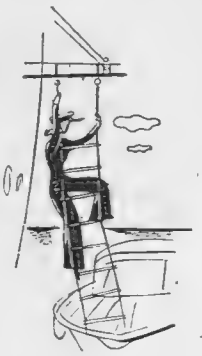
ATKINSONS

Eau de Cologne

Tightly-laced, helplessly lovely, the ladies of the 1840's had to be carried ashore from a trip on the 'Skylark.' But to-day's little Wrens walk cat-like along the quarter-boom and swarm unaided down a swaying rope ladder. Yet some things never change. The 1840 charmer, who knew that a carelessly displayed ankle or the flash of a frill could make a man's heart beat faster, also knew that she needed Atkinsons exquisite Eau de Cologne to complete her charm; and Atkinsons is still the choice of the pretty Wren when she changes her slacks for the soft swish of an off-duty skirt. But nowadays the last few drops of Atkinsons must be treasured, for manufacture of this enchanting essence has ceased until after the war. We're just as sorry as you are.



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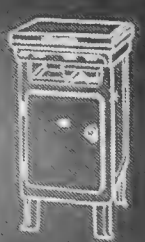

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CLEANING—Clean the oven whilst it is still warm. Wipe off the grease, wash and finally dry.

Her teeth are YOUR concern-

Every mother wants her children to grow up with strong, firm white teeth, *safe from the danger of decay*. The way to make sure of this is by giving the right care when they are young. Dentists advise the use of the one toothpaste containing 'Milk of Magnesia'*, which corrects acid mouth, so often the cause of dental trouble.

The toothpaste to ask for is Phillips' Dental Magnesia. Train your children to use it night and morning. They love its pleasant, mild flavour.

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OINTMENT
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For clean, safe healing of all Baby's skin troubles, for sure protection against septic germs there's nothing more reliable than Cuticura Ointment. Keep a tin handy to free Baby from chafing, irritation or any little skin outbreak.
Of all Chemists and Stores.
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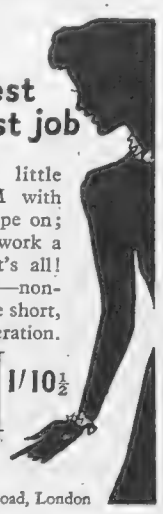
SAVE OCTIM
for your hardest greasiest job

Dilute a little OCTIM with water; wipe on; leave to work a few minutes; rinse off. That's all! Cleans perfectly. Non-caustic—non-abrasive—safe. But supplies are short, so "Be an OCTIMist" in moderation.



OCTIM 1/10½
THE SEARCHING CLEANER
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spotted something about that Spit. while I was trying to be smart."

"N-no—I—er——"

"N-no."

"Then what did you spot?"

"Nothing."

"You mean——" The sergeant's smile faded. "He isn't a spy?"

Sergeant Marlow's voice was weak. "I haven't the slightest idea."

"Holy mackerel!" said Sergeant O'Neill in a whisper. Then he put his hand in his pocket and took out the little booklet and pushed it in her pocket without another word.

The truck swung round among a bustle of cars as it passed the administration buildings and from there to its depot near the refuelling tanks. Suddenly, it pulled to a stop. An officer had held up his hand. Sergeant O'Neill felt sweat break out on his brow.

The officer smiled and Sergeant Marlow shrank back into her seat while Sergeant O'Neill wondered what was coming.

"Good work, O'Neill."

"You mean, sir, we've caught a spy?"

"Oh, no, he's all right, but you were quite right, and I'm very glad you took action. An excellent example of initiative applied in the right direction. I need an example like that to demonstrate the necessity for security precautions particularly at times like this when the field is busy and minor regulations might be overlooked."

He walked away. The driver kept a poker face. The Adam's apple in Sergeant O'Neill's throat moved gently up and down. Sergeant Marlow sat relaxed, staring ahead with a faint smile on her nicely shaped mouth.

Then Sergeant O'Neill pulled himself together. He opened the cab door and gently but firmly pulled Sergeant Marlow from her seat.

"Drive her in," he snapped to the truck driver. Then he turned to Sergeant Marlow, who suddenly seemed very demure and very feminine.

"Well——" he began. "I guess——" He paused for words.

She smiled up at him.

"I guess all's well that ends well. Thanks for not spilling the beans." His smile was a little sheepish. "I reckon I was just a—hot-headed Yank."

"And me?"

"A stubborn little limey," he said grimly. "You will, of course, accept responsibility for giving him more petrol——"

"Gas."

"More petrol than was necessary." Then she smiled, a very pleasant smile. "But now we understand one another——"

"I can have that date?"

She nodded, and put her hand in her pocket taking out his little booklet on how to get on with the English.

"Read it some time," she smiled. "It's good."

He took it and tore it up slowly and deliberately.

"I don't need it any more. From now on I'm coming to you for the answers."

END

The Sergeant Shows Initiative

Food Hoarding in Nature

(*Continued from page 25*)

eels have been found in one polecat's retreat. An emergency larder, near a female polecat's nest, contained forty frogs and two toads. The polecat was said to have bitten the amphibians in the brain in such a manner that, although they were still alive, they were paralysed.

The food storage habit does not appear to be so highly developed among birds as it is among mammals. There are exceptions, however.

In rambles about the countryside it is sometimes possible to come across the rather grisly sight of a shrike's larder. This bird, aptly nicknamed the butcher-bird, frequently spits its prey, or parts of it, on convenient thorns or bramble patches. If a shrike has caught a small bird it often impales it by the throat and, after tearing off tit-bits with its powerful hooked beak, it leaves the remainder to be eaten later.

Woodpeckers are other birds which "prepare for a rainy day." They stuff acorns and nuts into tree-trunks. Unfortunately a woodpecker will sometimes drill a hole so hard that it goes right through to the other side of the tree. When food is then stuffed in at one side it falls out at the other! As much as a double handful of acorns have been picked up on the ground under a pole which had been treated in this manner.

END

The Crime Crop In Wartime

(*Continued from page 16*)

Services. Some had a criminal record when they went in. Others had a criminal streak, but not a record. The Service authorities soon found out what they had got, and threw them out. The Services are busy, and can't be bothered with this extra problem. They are not reforming or penal institutions. Back come these young criminals into circulation.

Consider Algy, 22, and already an expert flat-breaker and small-time "con" man, with a lengthy criminal record. He's been in the Army, and emerged with discharge papers all in good order. He's expert at making contacts with women. Ingratiating, with a low modulated voice, and intimate manner, he's half-rabbit, half-stoat. Once he's in a woman's flat—for a cup of tea, a drink, if not to pass the night—she can say good-bye to any valuables she possesses. In due course, when the lady is out, Algy will be back. One inside, glance around, and a cosy chat, is all Algy needs on the reconnaissance side.

When he feels energetic, Algy can do half a dozen jobs in a week, working with a pal as look-out man. They hoard the stuff they steal, and when it seems "cool," Algy goes along to one or other of the bars and hotel lounges where gentlemen with something to sell can always find gentlemen with the cash to buy. The latter will sometimes even intimate their needs, and Algy will bear that in mind when looking over the next lot of jobs.

What prohibition was to America, wartime rationing in its various forms—by coupons, points, quotas, licences, and what-not—is to Britain. It creates a scarcity of wanted things; and if a sufficient number of citizens want those things badly enough to pay large prices for them, at that point you have the requisite conditions for anything from a racket to a straight crime. Unluckily, this occurs at a time when money incomes are riding a boom tide, and numbers of businessmen of various kinds have barrels of money and will cheerfully pay the £5 openly asked on the wine list for a bottle of champagne, or £2 to £3 a bottle of black market whisky.

The extent of the trade in clothing coupons is problematical; but it is large, and organized. There are sellers, and buyers, and there is a recognized market price. As I write, the market price—I am told on good authority—is £75 a thousand. The supplies come to the small but thriving racketeer from poor, large-family folk, who have more coupons than they want, or can or will use anyway. They cheerfully sell their precious coupons to the trader who pays cash in new 10s. notes. It doesn't matter to them that this philanthropist resells at twice or thrice the price he paid.

One petty racket indicates what goes on in some of the ephemeral night or bottle club spots of wartime London, familiarly known as "clip joints," and why the police every so often raid these places, and the magistrates close them up. The main problem of the "clip joint" is to get supplies of liquor. Algerian wine, price-and-supply controlled, is a partial solution. (*Continued on page 62*)

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They get it through "leaks." Having got it, they decant it, and sell it to Canadian and American soldiers—their chief clientele—at 25s. a carafe.

Only they don't call it Algerian wine. By the time it arrives on the table in the fancy carafe, it's burgundy. There's no law that Algerian wine must be brought to the table in the bottle. There is no evidence that Algerian wine has been sold as burgundy, at 25s. the bottle, until the bill is presented—it could always be a waiter's "mistake." And by the time the bill comes, the carafe is empty. The customer, not being normally a wine drinker, is no wiser.

END

The Crime Crop in Wartime

When Peace Returns to Britain

(Continued from page 13)

so to speak. You may or you may not make much money out of this profession; but one thing it certainly does give you is freedom of movement. In that way I am lucky, luckier than many people, those who would like a change of scene, but can't because they are tied to a business life of some sort. But there are a great many men and women in the Services, or the factories, who, if they could make the jump, would never return to life in an office or city again. I have some friends who have decided that they are going to move out of England entirely after the war; Africa, or the Malay States, or to plant sugar in the West Indies. The two, as it happens, who have decided upon that last course of action, to plant sugar, have, it also happens, no knowledge of sugar. Nor of the West Indies. No more than they have picked up from travelled friends, or from books. I expect that we shall soon have them back with us. African settlement, as I have written previously in this journal, is likely to be very restricted after this war—and even then to a type which will produce an almost certainly successful "settler." Such people, with funds and the expert knowledge necessary to grow sisal or some speciality, are not many. They will go anyway, so this article doesn't concern them. There will be, as I also strongly pointed out in BRITANNIA AND EVE, a great expansion in Canada following upon this war. Lives enough for perhaps a couple of million people—who *could* come from England. The same might hold good for Australia, and, to a lesser extent, for the Dominion of South Africa. But everything depends, of course, upon what sort of immigration laws these dominions will enact after this war is over. And no one can tell now what they will be.

IT was thinking over these possibilities, chiefly a possible return to Canada—for I had lived two years out in British Columbia already—that made me list, for the purpose of comparison, the things that I could get there and those which I could find here. I found that there was amazingly little real difference between the two sets. That set me thinking about life in the English countryside, and at the same time washed out for ever any idea I might have had about returning to the woods of Canada. Physically, I knew, I could not stand up to that life. And I did not want to live in any city. Not even London, which, strange as it may seem, being the largest city in the world, is also the one in which, both for simplicity, familiarity, and the amount of green space, is more like a village than any city on earth—a village, with all its friendliness.

But a village is not necessarily friendly—or, what is much worse, it can be too friendly. In a village every one knows every one else's business, or tries to know. The village is your mentor. In the ordinary English village you have about as much privacy to your life as a goldfish in its bowl. No house in some "quaint" village for this chicken. So the open country came next.

Now, in Canada, one of the most precious things which that open life gave me was solitude—the luxury of not being forced to talk to anybody, wondering what any one would think of my actions, or pinching my life, at any juncture, to make it fit in with some other person's life. To me, that is the greatest luxury of them all—the luxury of your own, inner solitude. On the other hand—as I am now twenty-two years older than I was when out in British Columbia—I don't want too much of it. In those days I got a lot of joy out of life by the mere animal vitality that I could bring to it. But that engine is slowing down. I wanted a little of each, without having to traipse up to London every time I wanted the satisfaction of walking a town's streets again, and watching the crowd. For that, make no mistake, is also one of life's major pleasures.

So I set about looking for where I could find it, this combination of nature "as given"—not some model town; beauty, solitude, the chance and even obligation for some daily physical work—and—*this was it!*—a nearby and lively market town. I found it, as it happened, on the sea-coast of North Devon. But, this is where you might come in, I would equally have found it—could I have bought the place—only about half a mile off the common, seven miles outside Newbury. The British Isles hold hundreds of such sets of circumstances; any one can find one, if you persevere long enough. Even if the place you decide upon may not become yours until after the war.

So here was my solitude, in surroundings as majestic or noble as any I could find in Canada. I doubt if any coastline in the world is more lovely than that of North Devon. The daily physical tussle, so necessary? Well . . . I'm not cutting down whole trees here, to make firewood; but I've collected just as many calluses cutting up driftwood I have found on the beach.

When I feel I want to "see life," here is where that market town comes in. On market day, in this town which I can easily reach by a bus, I can drop in and watch the local saddler at his work; there is a fascinating little old-fashioned company there which makes things out of rabbit and lamb skins—the family's trade; there is a sporting goods shop whose spectacled gunmaker still makes his own barrels; there is an entire colony of rush basket-makers. There is also a vast covered market—almost as continental in its scope and social life as some I have known in France or Spain—where each and every farming family in this part of the world has its stall. And down by the river is a little pottery works whose china, for beauty of design, rivals the best of old English make.

I was in the little pottery works recently, trying to replace a broken coffee pot. I saw several ready for the kiln, waiting to be glazed. The potter, the man who had made them, looked up from a wheel and some spinning clay and said: "We can't get the coal to fire just at the moment. And all we have ready to fire are already sold. But I'll put your name down."

"You can telephone me," I said.

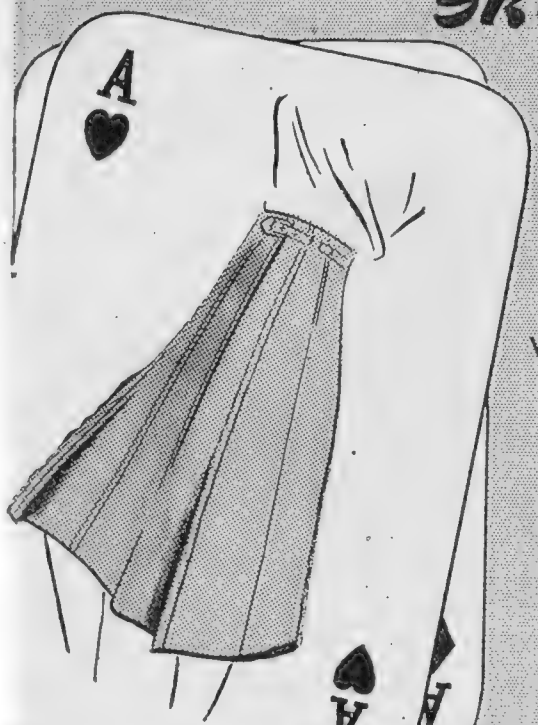
"No—we haven't got a phone."

He turned to the cream jug he was fashioning, leaving me gasping. I looked with envy at the clay about to be hardened and glazed into the fine objects that this minute industry puts on the market. "Well, I'll drive over again in a couple of weeks," I said firmly: "I want one of those pots!"

So I do. A pot that I have actually watched being made means a lot more to me, as I use it, than any I can get by simply walking into a London shop. There is something personal about it. So there is in the work and welfare of these small, but good, local industries in my neighbourhood. We are all part of one another, and their success means a better life for every one in the vicinity. It is a thinking man's duty to foster them.

END

ace high for skirts



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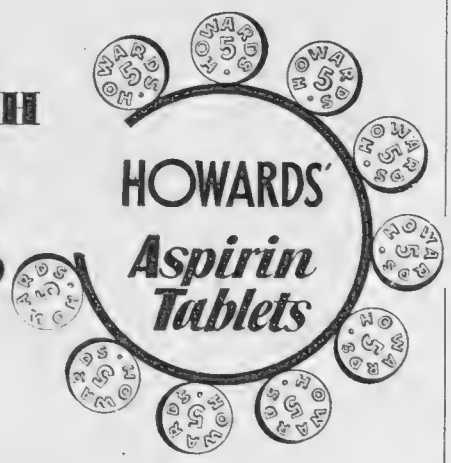

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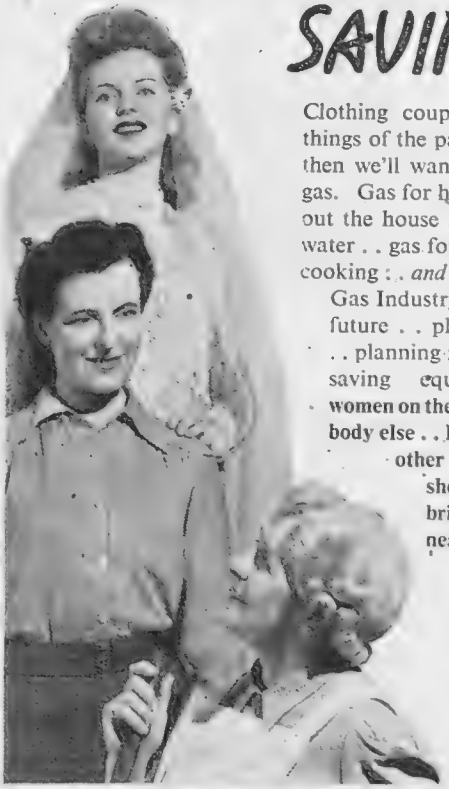

Clothing coupons and ration books things of the past . . our men home . . then we'll want homes equipped with gas. Gas for healthy warmth throughout the house . . gas for constant hot water . . gas for automatic trouble-free cooking . . *and* a gas refrigerator. The Gas Industry, too, is looking to the future . . planning a better service . . planning more and better labour-saving equipment. **Meanwhile, women on the home front . . like everybody else . . know that saving gas and other fuels NOW helps to shorten the war . . and brings after-the-war homes nearer.**

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Magnesia
CREAMS
TEXTURE CREAM
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The Wanderers Over Europe (*Continued from page 20*)

depends on how far one goes east and south-east in one's reckoning. Just to give a notion of what we shall witness close at hand, 12,000,000 foreign workers have been confined within "Greater Germany." These are of a dozen nationalities at least, and they constitute what may be termed the economic migration enforced by the Nazis. They do not consist of families, but overwhelmingly of men and women, mostly under forty, who were wrenched from their families or homes into forced labour. It follows that these long separated millions of individuals will seize the first opportunity to set off willy-nilly in the direction of what still means home to them.

In the trek, however contained it may be, will participate an unknown number of prisoners of war not figuring in the German labour lists, and if 1918 is anything to go by, the Germans will just open the prison camps and shout "Be off!" During months after the last armistice, prisoners of war roamed the highways of Europe, living how they could.

Next, there are the millions of "political migrants." Up and down Europe, Hitler has in the past five years engaged in a monstrous game: now deporting 500,000 there, now resettling 300,000 here. These are family uprootings, for they were meant to last as accomplished facts shaping the next map of Europe in a way that, brooking no challenge, would suit the master race's indefinite hegemony. For instance, the Nazis shifted 300,000 out of Eastern France in order to simplify annexation. They did the same with 500,000 Poles and moved in as many Germans in their stead. Jews have been carted round the Continent and dumped anywhere by the hundred thousand.

What of the Germans themselves? Up to April, an estimate of 6,000,000 Germans had been rendered homeless by Allied bombing. These too will join in the unholy scrimmage towards "home," to say nothing of the general rush to the Fatherland of Germans living in occupied countries.

When the end comes, all these diversified millions of people will be ordered and even implored for their own sakes to stay where they are for the time being. The broadcasts and leaflets must have already been sketched out. They will be told that stores of food, medicinal supplies and clothing are being rushed into Europe specially for them, and that if they clog the sorry roads, the waterways and the railways (if any), they will miss the succour, and their plight will be much worse.

They will be told that after so many years of dire suffering, a few more weeks or even months should be borne with; that not only their own succour but that of their relatives at home will depend on the whole huge business being closely directed and controlled. Even forcible means will be taken by the advancing armies, to circumscribe mass movement.

Yet bear in mind the unheard-of numbers which will be involved, and their state of mind, and how the urge to break loose will be fed by leaders. The unquenchable personal summons to be free again—"I, stepping out once more towards my country and home!" And the countless ones with no hope or thought of any such thing, but just the intention to hit the highway in revolutionary times and see what turns up. Homeless, workless, moneyless nomads—how many of them? How many will refuse to stay put despite every summons, entreaty, risk? Who shall say?

But this I do say: that the more the wandering ones assimilate some of the qualities of the gipsies, the less hard will be their lot in a broken-down countryside and the less likely will they be to turn into soured enemies of society, as the cant goes.

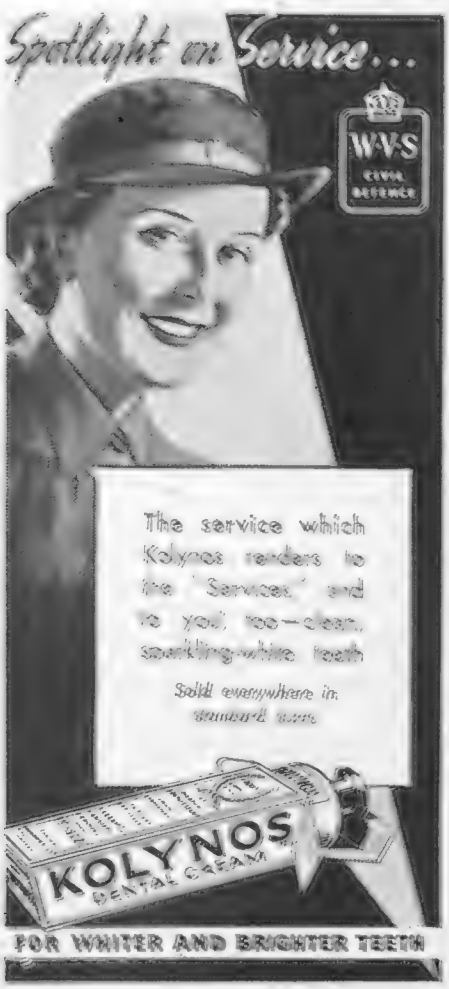
On a small scale one had a preview in the early thirties of what is likely to happen. In the wake of Wall Street's private gymnastics, there came a wide taking to the roads, in Germany and Austria especially. More than 400,000 Germans were then listed as tramps. In two provinces or states, "tramp books" were issued, with tips on how to get along without running foul of the law, and even giving enforced tramp itineraries for the Wanderbirds. But the gist is this: the migration of those times produced a new companionship the while its devotees sought as they went, such work as they could accomplish or as was found agreeable. Food, shelter, work and move on, became the order of the day.

They were gipsies, although the real article would characterize them as *tsiganisés*, amateur followers of the Romany way. At all events, they were showing the gipsy qualities which need not be sniffed at, in relation to the Europe directly ahead.

But where these migrants can learn most from the gipsy way is in adapting themselves to their changing surroundings, when they hit the broad highway, and in making the most of simple ways of day-to-day living.

The real gipsy way of life may be worth while studying even in this country in case there is a delay about all these houses; even, for that matter, if things march to long-distance schedule.

END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Sold everywhere in standard size
KOLYNOS
DENTAL CREAM
FOR WHITER AND BRIGHTER TEETH

Books: (*Continued from page 41*)

Behind the blinds I sit and watch
The people passing—passing by;
And not a single one can see
My tiny watching eye.

They cannot see my little room,
All yellowed with the shaded sun,
They do not even know I'm here;
Nor'll guess when I am gone.

What a chance for some benefactor to present copies to every Barnardo library! It is a gem of literature, kindling the eternal child in us all.

Amusing things happened in Berkeley Square long before that Manning Sherwin nightingale sang there. In the reign of good Queen Anne, for example, two retired Indian Generals—General Burlap and Colonel Kelso—settled in No. 7 to enjoy "the cries of link boys, the gruff oaths of Sedan chair-carriers threading their way through the traffic and the shrill warnings of ladies too fine to be bumped and jolted in them." And their fussy ghosts were fated to haunt succeeding tenants. Need one add that Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon seize every opening for historical burlesque in "No Nightingales" (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), a tale to make you smile or laugh, according to taste.

There is escape to other days, too, through Miss Marjorie Mack's "The Educated Pin" (Faber, 8s. 6d.), in which a gracious lady, Daw, re-creates for her great-niece, Genta, her childhood at Paston Hall in Norfolk, on the site of the house famous for the Paston Letters. It is the period following Jubilee year, 1887, when villagers bob dutifully on their way to church and everything in the literary garden is lovely. Daw, who identifies herself with a black pin, vowing it shall be wise, clever, and travelled, goes from Paston to a French school at Wimbledon, then to Switzerland, Germany, and Paris. All is delicate romance and rosemary in this domestic story of an age when sirens rustled through *salons* instead of heralding air raids.

Send a commando group leader on a Norway raid to aid an "underground" Norwegian girl in Stavanger who is being hampered by the attentions of a Nazi officer, and there is bound to be drama, intrigue, and possibly love. Alan Lowell falls into stirring adventures in Mr. Elliott Arnold's "The Commandos" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.); he also, inevitably, falls into the arms of brave Nicole Larsen, the kind of girl who can say: "Keep me with you for a while. I compress well." The story goes with U.S. snap and pace.

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Books:

Is nothing sacred to the novelist? Here is Mr. I. J. Workman, in "Eve and Three Envelopes" (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.), starting his David Dobson on a great adventure by letting him overhear a girl's confession in a Bloomsbury R.C. church where he is casually resting. She tells the priest of a stolen week-end with a lover and of a man who has learned of it through a lost letter and is blackmailing her. That is the cue for David to do his Galahad stuff through a tangle of complications which make a good story.

Two young men can go fighting in the North African desert or raiding Berlin and never forget the "little girl next door" whom they have known from boyhood; and since only one can win her there is bound to be rivalry, especially between cousins. Their reaction to Josie is delineated with a light touch in Mr. D. H. Landels's "A Man of Character" (Hurst & Blackett, 8s. 6d.), a war romance sufficiently up-to-the-minute to include a bale-out over France after a Berlin raid and a thrilling escape back to England.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"How to Forget," by Denise Robins (Hutchinsons, 8s. 6d.). A novel about one man and two women, told in a new way.

"The Doctor Deals with Thunder," by W. Murdock Duncan (Andrew Melrose, 8s. 6d.). A thriller that will thrill.

"Adventure with a Suitcase," by Peter Kendall (Quality Press Ltd., 8s. 6d.). A flying officer is faced with catastrophe when the plans of a secret invention are stolen from him by German agents. After desperate efforts, with the odds in favour of the enemy, the plans are recovered.

"Strange Pathway," by Gideon Clark (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A novel in which a journalist finds himself by the hazard of war captive in a French prison camp. To save the stability of his mind he composes day by day in his head the story of his life, telling the blunt truth about himself—his successes and his failures.

"Clothes Through the Ages," by Mark Labovitch (Quality Press Ltd., 10s. net). A leading authority in the textile industry gives a popular picture of the evolution of male attire. Twenty-seven coloured plates illustrate the various costume periods.

"Polish Short Stories" (Faber & Faber, 10s. 6d.). A collection of stories by the elder generation and contemporary Polish authors.

"I'll Go to Bed at Noon," by Stephen Haggard (Faber & Faber, 5s.). A letter by the brilliant actor, killed on active service in the Middle East, written to his two small sons in America during the night of a London blitz.

"Stiggles," drawn by Margery Colman, told by K. K. de Karroff (Faber & Faber, 4s. 6d.). An illustrated story book for children.

END

On Duty—and Off

(*Continued from page* 33)

thoroughness and two lathers of soap, then rinsed under a spray till every scrap of soap is removed. After the hair has been partly hand-dried, the whole of the scalp, the back of the neck, and the shoulders are thoroughly massaged for several minutes. The massage is followed by an application of hair tonic, and the hair is brushed dry.

For greasy hair or incipient alopecia this treatment works wonders. For incipient alopecia the between shampoo brushing treatments are particularly effective. A special powder and a particular method of brushing are used. Wartime price, 15s. 6d. a treatment.

END

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply, owing to war conditions, are advertised in this journal should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

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Velvety texture · soft strong · hygienic
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I want my Allenburys!

Baby's demands must be met and proper feeding is one of them. Allenburys sets mother's mind at rest because these fine Foods, made from full-cream milk contain all the necessary minerals and Vitamin D for healthy bones and teeth development. (They are not merely dried cows' milk). If you cannot feed baby yourself, remember that the Humanising process makes Allenburys the best possible substitute. Mothers and mothers-to-be should send for Book on Baby Care enclosing 2½d. in stamps to Allen & Hanburys, Ltd., London, E.2.

Allenburys

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F35/BE/E

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Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE

from a Qualified Chemist

He is trained to estimate the purity and value of drugs and health products .... he has a high opinion of Euthymol

Old Tales Re-told

(*Continued from page 24*)

by the Roman historian Dione Cassius, and which took place at Anzio, the Emperor's birthplace—lowered his prestige, but she resented his tendency to indulge in theatrical exhibitions.

One day, after one of these performances, she reproached him. In so doing she aroused his ungovernable temper to such a pitch that he cruelly ill-treated her. This happened shortly before an heir to the throne was due, and the results of the blow were fatal to the mother as well as to the unborn child.

One by one the principal figures of this drama perished by violence. To Nero himself was allotted the task of punishing the criminal vanity of a woman and destroying his own progeny. The sole survivor was the beautiful Greek freedwoman, Acte. She remained faithful to him when his empire was lost and he himself was hunted like a common malefactor. One faithful servant remained, to help him commit the suicide that, in his own words, "deprived the world of the greatest artist who ever lived."

END

Yoked Jersey

(*Continued from page 37*)

divide the sts., having 2 grey sts. on one side and 1 on the other, and work on half the sts. to correspond to front. Pick up 50 sts. on left back and work all k. for 8 rows. Cast off. Do the same to right but make buttonholes on 6th row as follows: Start at bottom, * work 9 sts., cast off 3, rep. from *, ending k. 2.

THE SLEEVES (2 alike)

With gold wool, cast on 88 sts. Work the rib for 4 ins. K. 2 tog. at beg. and end of every other row until sloping sides measure the same as gold part of armhole. Change to grey stocking st. and continue dec. until there are 20 sts. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side, sleeve and shoulder seams. Sew down neck and make front a little lower than back. Sew in sleeves, easing at shoulders.

LARGER SIZES

1 more oz. of gold is needed.

THE FRONT AND BACK

Cast on 113 sts. instead of 103, and inc. to 143 instead of 133. Cast off 5 sts. at beg. of 2 rows before dec. at armhole and continue as 34 size.

38 SIZE

Use No. 8 needles and work as 36 size.

END

Bound Waistcoat

(*Continued from page 37*)

THE RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 47 sts. with No. 11 needles and dark green. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 10 rows. Change to the patt. as in back and work 4 ins. Now cast on 2 sts. at left edge of work, then work 7 rows without inc., then cast on 2 sts. at beg. of next row. Continue this inc. on left edge of work until there are 16 increases made, and 63 sts. Work straight until side seam is 13 ins. Now cast off 10 sts. at shaped edge. Now k. 2 tog. twice at beg. and end of next row.

Next row.—K. 2 tog. twice at armhole. Work to end.

Next row.—Work to armhole, ending k. 2 tog. twice. Rep. these 2 rows until there have been 7 rows worked. Now k. 2 tog. at neck edge, and keep armhole straight. Continue to k. 2 tog. at neck edge on every 8th row until there are 24 sts. Work straight until armhole is 10 ins. round curve. Cast off 4 sts. at outside edge on every other row until there are no sts. left.

THE LEFT FRONT

Work as right, but make all shaping at opposite edges, and when casting off 10 sts. for armhole make slit for pocket as follows: Cast off 10 sts. Work 24 sts. Cast off 24. Work to end, ending k. 2 tog. twice.

Next row.—Work up to the 24 cast-off

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Bound Waistcoat

sts. Turn. Cast them on again. Turn. Work to end, ending k. 2 tog. twice at armhole. Continue to correspond to right front.

THE POCKET

With No. 11 needles pick up the 24 sts. cast on at top of slit on wrong side. Work 3 ins. stocking st. in light green. Cast off. Pick up 24 sts. on No. 11 needles at bottom of slit on right side and work 10 rows k. 1, p. 1, rib in dark green. Cast off.

THE EDGING STRIPS

Cast on 12 sts. in dark green on No. 11 needles. Work k. 1, p. 1, rib for 20 ins. for each armhole. Now do the same for edge of fronts, but after 2 rows have been worked, make a buttonhole as follows: Work 4 sts. Cast off 4, work 4.

Next row.—Work up to casting off, turn, cast on 4 sts., turn, work to end. Rep. buttonhole every 2½ ins. until there are 6. Now continue ribbing for long enough to go up and down fronts as in sketch. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Sew up side and shoulder seams. Sew edges to armholes and fronts with buttonholes at right edge. Sew down pocket lining and sides of green rib. Sew on buttons.

LARGER SIZES

1 more oz. of each wool is needed.

36 SIZE

Cast on 113 sts. instead of 105 and when inc. have 4 rows between instead of 6 and inc. to 145 sts. instead of 137. Cast off 14 sts. instead of 10 at armhole, and continue as 34 size.

38 SIZE

Use No. 2 needles instead of No. 3 and work as 36 size.

END

Household Hints

For removing stains from white cotton or linen underwear, handkerchiefs, table and bed linen, etc., use about 2 tablespoonfuls of Milton to each pint of cold or tepid water. Soak in this solution until all stains have disappeared, then wash thoroughly in soap and water (hot or cold). Stains from ink (not marking ink), from iodine, fruit juices, blood or discharges disappear without harming the fabric. Long-standing ink stains may require a further application of lemon juice or citric acid to remove the iron mould.

But—here is a warning—as Milton is a strong bleaching agent, don't use it on coloured fabrics—it will take the colour out—or on silk or wool—it will damage them.

After Glow

(*Continued from page* 12)

work at once. His first task was to study every report sent in by the quiet efficient men engaged in this particular branch of Contra-Espionage.

Though satisfying him beyond a shadow of doubt that Philip Walton was responsible for the information wirelessed to Germany, these reports seemed to offer very little help. They told him only one positive fact beyond that he had already learned from the chief.

And this couldn't be of any importance. It was surely quite natural for Philip Walton's original paintings to be exhibited in an art dealer's shop for a week, then auctioned for the benefit of the Red Cross. The thing was too open, too public to be a clue that might lead anywhere. The dealer in question, Roger Graydon, had been investigated, of course. He had no car. He had been ill in bed on more than one of the occasions when the secret wireless station was transmitting.

The arrangements for exhibition and auction had been made by the Red Cross, to whom Walton donated his pictures. As each was completed, it was sent to the appropriate ministry for censorship and approval, then passed on to the lithographers who made the posters. When they had finished with it, they sent it to Roger Graydon. It remained in his window for a week, when it was sold to the highest bidder. (*Continued on page* 68)

First ON THE BREAKFAST TABLE!

WELGAR
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● Health and fitness are of vital importance, so it is essential that the first meal of the day should be nourishing and sustaining. Those who have arduous and difficult work to do, get from Welgar Shredded Wheat just the sustenance they require. It is good too for the whole family—all can enjoy it with benefit. No cooking—no trouble to serve.

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'DANDERINE'
FOR THE HAIR

Several of the paintings had been bought by very prominent people, quite above suspicion. Nicholas had a talk with some of these, and was allowed to view their purchases. He examined them closely with a lens, photographed them, studied them for hours on end. He could find nothing at all unusual about them. An expert on codes assured him that it was impossible for detailed information to be conveyed by the colouring or the drawing. Nicholas felt that he ought to know more about Roger Graydon's shop. It was simple enough to get Sawyer, one of his men, appointed as substitute for the regular fire watcher who conveniently fell ill. One night Sawyer opened a side door, and Nicholas slid quietly inside to take a look round.

They lifted the current Walton picture from the curtained window and carried it to the back of the shop where they scrutinized it closely, learning no more from it than from any of the others. Carefully replacing it exactly as they had found it, they ransacked the office. The only thing of interest they found was a list made by Graydon of the complete set of pictures he had exhibited at the request of the Red Cross. This list gave the date of arrival, the date of the auction, the name of the purchaser, and the amount paid. Nicholas made a copy of it.

Then, brooding over his copy of the wireless messages to Germany, he noticed something. Hurriedly snatching up Graydon's list, he compared the dates. Yes, he had not been mistaken! Time after time, the same thing happened. Two days after each new Walton picture was exhibited in Graydon's window, a new crop of secrets was transmitted by the Nazi agent.

He'd got it—or at any rate, part of it! He hadn't a doubt now that he was on the right track. Philip Walton somehow passed on his information through the medium of his pictures. But, as Nicholas ruefully confessed to Judy Cairn that night, he was still a long way from solving his problem. How the deuce could such detailed matter as production figures be woven into a picture?

"There *must* be a code of some sort," said Judy. "Have you tried looking at a picture through different coloured glasses?"

Nicholas sprang to his feet. "You've given me an idea!" He snatched for his hat and coat. "Let you know about it as soon as I can."

Two hours later he rang up to announce that the idea was a washout. In another two days he rang up again to say that it had worked. And soon afterwards he called on Judy to explain the apparent contradiction.

"I tried it first on the old pictures. Nothing doing. Then the Air Ministry phoned me that Walton had just delivered a new painting. And when I got busy on this—Lord! What a cunning scheme! Filtered ultra-violet rays. Black light. Fluorescence."

"Most illuminating!"

"You bet it is!" Nicholas grinned. "Certain chemicals—you can buy 'em from any of the big electrical manufacturers—have a curious property known as fluorescence. In ordinary light you can see nothing unusual about them. But when viewed in filtered ultra-violet light, which is itself invisible and sometimes called black light, they become luminous and glow, almost like phosphorus does in darkness. Understand how Walton used the idea?"

"Not exactly," Judy said.

"He made a colourless solution of a fluorescent powder. When his picture was finished, he wrote across it the information he wished to convey, using a fine brush dipped into the solution, quite invisible when it dried. Not a thing to be seen—until the picture was exposed to black light, when the writing became luminous and could be read clearly. Clever, don't you think? Who's going to suspect anything of that sort when the picture's submitted for censorship, handled by lithographers, and exhibited in an art-dealer's shop? And the fluorescence doesn't persist indefinitely, of course. The strength of the solution would be carefully calculated, so that any trace of luminosity would vanish soon after the auction. Then nothing at all could be discovered."

"That certainly is clever," agreed Judy. "Is the art dealer the man you want?"

Nicholas shook his head. "Remember I told you that the messages always go to Germany two days after each picture is exhibited in the window."

"You mean someone operates his black-light gadget from *outside* the window? I can't believe that. Any one might notice the luminous writing on the picture."

"It's done by photography. He has a lamp and a camera synchronized, mounted in some kind of vehicle. He watches the shop until each new picture is displayed; then, as he drives past, merely presses a button. If any one happens to be looking at the picture at the time, nothing more is seen than a momentary glow which he'll put down to a trick of lighting—or pure imagination. The agent develops his photograph, enlarges it—and that's that."

"And what's next?"

"There you've got me," admitted Nicholas gloomily.

"Well, at any rate, you can stop further information getting to him."

"Yes. But that's not enough. I've got to get *him*. I've got to think something out."

This wasn't easy. Nicholas spent many brooding hours before he hit on the plan which resulted in Judy Cairn crashing her car into the window of Roger Graydon's shop.

ON Thursday morning a new Philip Walton painting was sent to the art dealer's for exhibition as usual. Because of the boarded-up window, it was displayed on an easel inside the shop. Soon after blackout that night, Sawyer opened the side door to admit Nicholas and Judy.

"I've fixed a curtain over the entrance to the office," he said. "You'll be all right there."

He flashed a torch to show them the way. In its light Nicholas smiled.

"How's the romance getting on?"

"Fine!" replied Sawyer. "We're going to be married as soon as I land a better job."

"Don Juan!" Nicholas caught Judy's arm and led her to the office. "The morning after your accident, Sawyer was followed from here to his new lodgings. Later in the day a very charming young lady turned up there and rented a room. She's been most friendly. This may, of course, be explained by Sawyer's extraordinary beauty. Alternatively, it may indicate that our fish is nibbling at the bait."

"He must have a good organization, Nick."

"No doubt about that. But we'll easily handle the organization once we've got its head. And I fancy we'll do that to-night. This is the kill—I hope."

"Gosh! How thrilling! What's going to happen?"

"Haven't the foggiest notion. But Sawyer's girl friend will be mixed up in it somehow; and I'm not expecting anything at all exciting. Make yourself comfortable in that chair. We may have hours to wait."

As it happened, they had not long to wait. Just before midnight a timid knock sounded on the side door. Sawyer shuffled towards it.

"Who's there?" he called.

"It's me, Bill," came a frightened feminine voice. "Please let me in."

He unlocked the door. "What's wrong, Florence?"

"Oh, I'm scared, Bill! Been to a dance, and a guy there—got fresh with me. I told him off good and proper, but he—he's following me."

"Where is the blighter?" growled Sawyer. "I'll give him what for!"

"He doesn't show himself, Bill. Keeps hidden in the darkness. But I know he's there all the time—following me. As I came on the street I just remembered that you'd be here. You couldn't see me home, could you?"

"I oughtn't to leave here, Florence. It might cost me my job."

"It wouldn't take long. You've got a key, haven't you? You could lock up, then you'd know that everything's all right until you got back. And it's not late."

"I'll risk it. Shouldn't take me more than twenty minutes, eh? I can always say I slipped out for a breath of air."

"Oh, Bill! You're wonderful! I sure got the wind up. But if that guy shows up now——"

"He'll be for it," said Sawyer. "Let's go."

The door closed quietly. In the darkness of the office, Judy knew that Nicholas was laughing.

"So simple!" he chuckled. "So safe! And in the morning, not the slightest indication of any interference. The man's a genius!"

"You think they've got Sawyer out of the way so that——"

"Sure. The deed will be done any time now. Listen!"

Somewhere outside a car halted for a moment, then drove away. Soon afterwards faint metallic sounds came from the side door of the shop.

"Picking the lock," breathed Nicholas.

His hand closed in warning on Judy's arm. She heard the lock of the door snap back. A flashlight stabbed the darkness, flickered round to the easel holding Philip Walton's latest picture, and was extinguished. Boards creaked as feet moved quietly from the door. Someone was panting, out of breath.

By further occasional flashes of the torch, Judy saw the silhouetted figures of two men crouched over something on the floor between them. Soon one of them carefully lifted the picture from its easel, and held it upright in front of the other. There was a buzz and a click. A faint luminosity showed clearly on the picture and vanished.

Nicholas stepped forward from behind the curtain, switching on a light. There was a revolver in his hand.

"It's all over," he said quietly. "Put your hands up. Don't make things any worse."

As the two men slowly raised their arms, he drew a whistle from his pocket and blew two shrill blasts. Immediately half a dozen calm unhurried individuals entered through the side door.

"Got their car?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. An old lady's driving it. She won't open her mouth. Sawyer's collared the girl. She's like an oyster, too."

"I don't suppose our friends here will have much to say," remarked Nicholas. "Go through their pockets, Trevor. Careful with that lamp and camera, boys. They're important evidence. Carry them out to the car. And the picture, of course."

In a few moments Trevor handed him a card found on the elder prisoner.

"'William Smith, M.R.C.V.S.'," he read. "Born Wilhelm Schmidt, I'll be bound. 'Forty-five Landon Road.' Like to make a statement, *mein Herr*?"

"No," said Mr. Smith.

"Okay. You can put your hands down. Follow the others out." Nicholas beckoned to Judy. "Forty-five Landon Road will be headquarters. We should pick up more information there. Interested?"

"You bet!" She slipped a hand into his. "I say, Nick! How could you be so sure that he'd turn up here to-night, and bring all these gadgets with him?"

"If he hadn't come to-night, he'd have come to-morrow night. He knew that the fluorescent writing on the picture would fade in a week or so. He had to photograph it fairly quickly. And since he couldn't get at it in the daytime, he had to do a spot of burglary."

"Gosh! You think of everything!" Judy looked pensive. "I'll have to be careful—after the war."

END

1.5.44

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